

Frontispiece.



THE NEW
BUCKS DELIGHT:

OR, THE
MERRY COMPANION;

BEING A CHOICE
COLLECTION

Of Two Hundred of the most celebrated

SONGS,

SUNG AT THE

Theatres, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, Sadlers-
Wells, and all other public Places of Diversion:

AND AT THE
SOCIETIES of Free-Masons, Bucks, Bloods, Sea-
Serjeants, True-Britons, Choice-Spirits, &c.

*'Tis Mirth that fills the Veins with Blood,
More than Wine, or Sleep, or Food.*

BEAU. and FLET.

L O N D O N:

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T H E
I N T R O D U C T I O N.

*Rules and Directions, which may enable Gentlemen
and Ladies to Sing agreeably.*

THOUGH the first Requisite to make an accomplished Singer is a fine Voice, yet an indifferent Voice, by the Helps of *Taste* and *Manner*, will give more Pleasure than the fine Voice without them. 'Tis not merely singing in Time and Tune ; but there must be an Ease and Elegance, which may be improved by the subsequent Rules.

R U L E I.

NEVER be ask'd twice to sing ; for to be over squeamish in that Particular favours of low Breeding and ill Manners, and is impolitic too : For 'tis always dangerous to raise an Expectation beyond the Scale of Satisfaction ; which Precaution, I hope, will be an infallible Cure for all fictitious Colds, Hoarsenesses, Want of Practice, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

R U L E II.

AS Poetry and Music are Sister-Arts, they certainly ought not to be Enemies to each other; it is therefore absolutely necessary that Ladies and Gentlemen should sing distinctly and intelligibly, so that the Words may be comprehended, and that the Sense is not quaver'd away by the Sound.

R U L E III.

AS it is the Business of the Composer to make the Sound an Echo to the Sense, so it is the Business of the Singer also, with this Addition, that his Gesture, as well as his Voice, be accordant, to every Note.

R U L E IV.

AS there is a Satiety in all Things, or (to use the vulgar Phrase, as *too much of one Thing is good for nothing*, it is highly requisite to know when to finish with Grace; for though it is bad to be ask'd *twice* to sing, it is still worse to be ask'd *once* to hold your Peace.

I shall conclude these Instructions with Mr. *Pentaveasie's* Translation of a few Lines in the first Book of *Horace*, with a Satire on the Singers of his Time:

*Nay, 'tis the same with all the Coxcomb Crew,
Of singing Men and singing Women too;
Do they not set their Cat-calls up of course?
'The King himself might ask them till he's hoarse:
But would you split their Windpipes and their Lungs,
The surest Way's to bid them hold their Tongues.*

I N D E X.

I N D E X.

A.

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L-

A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
C H O I C E S O N G S.

+++++

S O N G I.

The H A P P Y L O V E R.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
Celia who can paint my bliss?
Who the transports I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiss?
Ev'ry look with love inspires me,
Ev'ry touch my bosom warms,
Ev'ry melting transport fires me,
Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes, how soft they languish!
Feel my heart with raptures beat;
Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
When the transport is so great:
Look not so divinely on me,
Celia I shall die with bliss;
Yet! yet! turn those eyes upon me,
Who'd not die a death like this?

B S O N G

SONG II.

A HUNTING SONG.

HARK away! hark away!
 We'll chace the fleet hare by the dawn;
 We're up, my brave lads, before day,
 Our sport will be over e'er morn.

Pale echo who silent has been,
 No longer in slumbers shall lie;
 But awak'd by our dogs on the green,
 From hills to the vallies reply.

The hare is put up, my brave souls,
 Lo! yonder she brushes the glade;
 See Pompey how fleetly he bowls,
 Poor pufs is most sadly afraid.

She turns and she doubles in vain,
 And, hoic! she now loses breath;
 Huzza, she is flat on the plain,
 We'll revel, my boys, o'er her death.

SONG III.

Sung by Mrs. SCOTT.

WHAT's all the pomps of gaudy courts,
 But vain delights and jingling toys;
 While pleasure crowns your rural sports,
 With calm content and tranquil joys.

SONG

S O N G IV.

Sung by Mr. DIBBEN, in The Maid of the Mill.

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be
forry?

'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry;

For my share I'm weary of what is got by't:

S'flesh, here's such a racket, such scolding and
coiling,

You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,

And drudging like horses from morning 'till
night.

You think I'm afraid, but the difference to shew
you,

First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks too I throw
you;

Henceforward take care of your matters who
will,

They are welcome to slave for your wages who
made 'em;

Tol, lol, derol, lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

S O N G V.

PHILLIS I pray, what did I say?

That I did not adore you;

I durst not sue as others do,

Or talk of love before you.

B z

Should

Should I make known my flame you'd frown,
 No tears could e'er appease you;
 'Tis better I should silent die,
 Than talk for to displease you.

S O N G VI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Artaxerxes.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove:
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breath;
 Nor with rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on the oppress'd.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove;
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n that every joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
 I, alas! at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover, friend!

Let not rage thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove;
 Spare a heart, &c.

S O N G

SONG IX.

Sung by Mr. YATES.

TH O' my features I'm told,
 Are grown wrinkl'd and old,
 Dull wisdom I hate and detest :
 Not a wrinkle is there,
 Which is furrow'd by care,
 And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys,
 They renew all my joys,
 Myself in my children I see ;
 While the comforts I find,
 In the kingdom my mind,
 Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
 Oh ! I caper'd and fung,
 The lasses came flocking apace ;
 But now turn'd of threescore,
 I can do so no more,
 — Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleasures we crack,
 For we still love the smack,
 And chuckle o'er what we have been ;
 Yet why should we repine,
 You've had your's, I've had mine,
 And now let our children begin.

SONG

SONG X.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice ;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.

Let parent's rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey ;
 And is there then no saving clause,
 Against tyrannic sway ?

SONG XI.

The LOVER's Request.

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn.
 But my kisses give again,
 Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears ;
 On whose tops the pinks that grow,
 Are like those that April wears.

But

SONG VII.

A C A N T A T A.

Sung by Miss BRENT, at Renelagh.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Celia made,
 And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;
 There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd,
 Beyond the promis'd hour:
 No longer able to contain,
 This anxious expectation;
 With rage he sought to allay his pain,
 And vented thus his passion.

A I R.

To all the sex deceitful,
 A long and last adieu;
 Since women prove ungrateful,
 As long as men prove true.

The pains they give are many,
 And oh! too hard to bear;
 The joys they give—if any,
 Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now Celia from maina got loose,
 Had reach'd the calm retreat;
 With modest blush she beg'd excuse,
 And chid her tardy feet:

The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
 His joy could not restrain;
 But as each tender thought increas'd,
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a lover's pain and care!
 And what joy the nymph's appearing,
 After absence, or despair!

Women wise increase desiring,
 By contriving kind delays;
 And advancing or retiring
 All they mean is—more to please.

S O N G VIII.

The FORCE of MUSICK.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,
 The listening wretch forgot his pain;
 With art divine the lute she sung,
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For when she struck the quivering wire,
 The eager breast was all on fire;
 But when she tun'd the vocal lay,
 The captive soul was charm'd away.

But from my tender bleeding heart,
Withdraw the arrow, ease the smart;
Offend no more great angry Jove,
But pity since you cannot love.

S O N G XII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, at Renelagh.

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
That ever pin'd, or pin'd in vain;
At length the God of wine address,
Sure refuge of a wounded breast.

A I R.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks and cheer his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly God reply'd.

A I R.

Give whining o'er be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking form away;
With dauntless mien approach the fair,
The way to conquer is—to dare.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

'The swain pursu'd the God's advice,
'The nymph was now no longer nice.

A I R.

She smil'd and spok'd the sex's mind,
When we grow daring you grow kind;
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

S O N G XIII.

Sung by Miss BRENT and Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Miss BRENT.

H O P E! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind;
Balmy cordial prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

B O T H.

Kind deceiver, flatter still;
Deal out pleasures unpossessed;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

S O N G

S O N G X I V .

Sung by Mr. BEARD, at Renelagh.

R E C I T A T I V E .

WHEN Bacchus, jolly God, invites,
 To revel in his evening rites ;
 In vain his altar I surround,
 Tho' with Burgundian incense crown'd :
 No charms has wine without the lass,
 'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

A I R .

While all around with jocund glee,
 In brimmers toast the fav'rite she ;
 Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
 My heart still whispers Chloe's name ;
 And thus with me by am'rous stealth,
 Still every glass is Chloe's health.

S O N G X V .

Sung by Mr. SQUIBB, in Artaxerxes.

FAIR Semina, lovely maid,
 Cease in pity to upbraid
 My oppress'd but constant heart ;
 Full sufficient are the woes,
 Which my cruel stars oppose,
 Heav'n alas ! has done its part.

S O N G

S O N G XVI.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

WHY should I now, my love, complain
That toil awaits thy cheerful swain;
Since labour oft a sweet bestows,
Which lazy splendor never knows.

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth;
And spread those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress, the pomp of shew,
Are trappings oft that cover woe;
But we whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

S O N G XVII.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

GENTLE youth! ah tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly;
Cease, oh cease, to persevere;
Speak not what I must not hear;
To my heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more.

S O N G

S O N G XVIII.

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
 Oh how blest the miller's life,
 Chearful working thro' the day,
 Still he laughs and sings away;
 Nought can vex him,
 Nought perplex him,
 While there's grist to make him gay.

D U E T T O.

Let the great enjoy the blessings
 By indulgent fortune sent,
 What can wealth, can grandeur offer,
 More than plenty and content?

S O N G XIX.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS.

WHEN once love's subtle passion gains
 A passage to the female breast,
 Rushing like lightning thro' the veins,
 Each wish and ev'ry thought's possess.

To heal the pangs our minds endure
 Reason in vain its skill applies,
 Nor can afford the heart a cure
 But what is pleasing to the eyes.

SONG

SONG XX.

Sung by Miss SLACK.

WHILE the cool and gentle breeze
Whispers fragrance thro' the trees,
Nature walking o'er the scene,
Clad in robes of lively green;
From the sweetness of the place
Labour wears a chearful face.

Sure I taste of joys sincere,
Faithful Colin ever near;
When with ceaseless toil oppress'd,
Wearied nature sinks to rest;
All my labours to beguile
Love shall wake me with a smile.

SONG XXI.

Sung by Mr. GILSON.

LOVE sounds the alarm
And fear is a flying,
When beauty's the prize
What mortal fears dying?

In defence of my treasure
I'll bleed at each vein;
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

S O N G XXII.

T H E A N G L E R.

COME listen a while, and I'll tell you a story,
'Tis of a staunch angler, who lov'd the sport
well,

Pray mark the contents which I here lay before ye,
The tale it is true that to you I shall tell.

With aruv, ruv, ruv, ruv, ruv, areau,
Ruv, aruv, ruv, ruv, ruv, ruv, in and out O.

This angler so staunch had a buxom young wife,
firs,

Who oftentimes left her before break of day,
But she not approving his odd way of life, firs,
Would oft have a sigh while her spouse was away.
With aruv, ruv, ruv, &c.

Ah, why did I marry a man that loves fishing?

Ye fair be advis'd, for in this you'll agree,
That a right woman's man should love nothing
but fleshing,

And with such a dear spouse how contented I'd be.
With aruv, ruv, ruv, &c.

Then strait to a buxom young fellow she went, fir,

Who often had blam'd her for being too coy,
He view'd her fond eyes, and found out her intent,
fir,

And eagerly press'd her to grant him the joy.

With aruv, ruv, ruv, &c.

Six times he put in and six times he pull'd out, fir,
 Till weary with sport he could angle no more;
 Quoth he, tho' I've caught neither barbel nor
 trout, fir,
 I ne'er in my life had such angling before.
 With aruv, ruv, ruv, &c.

My dear, quoth the fair, you may put in again, fir,
 But first plumb your depth, or your art won't
 avail.
 If you touch not the bottom your angling's in vain,
 fir,
 Fish deep to the bottom, of sport you'll not fail.
 With aruv, ruv, ruv, &c.

Then strait with his plummet he felt for the
 ground, fir,
 Deeper yet, quoth the fair, for you're never
 the near;
 No bottom, quoth he, is there yet to be found, fir,
 Zounds, why should I plumb, where no bottom
 is here?
 With aruv, ruv, ruv, &c.

Never stand for an inch, quoth the fair, you are
 right, fir,
 Now bait well your hook, and throw in with
 a glee,
 Have patience a little, you'll soon have a bite, fir,
 There! now! mind the bob! — 'tis a smart
 one, quoth she.
 With aruv, ruv, ruv, &c.

Then

Then strait he pull'd up, but the fish it was gone,
firs,

His bait taken off, and his line snapt in twain;
See, my love, quoth the blade, — I am quite
broken down, firs,

Never mind it, quoth she, but put in once again.
With aruv, ruv, ruv, &c.

Ah, no! quoth the blade, see my tackle's past using,
But to-morrow I'll come, so till that time adieu;

Go, foolish, said she, for such pastime refusing,
Yet, ah, could my spousy but angle like you.
With aruv, ruv, ruv, &c.

Observe, brother Bobs, and take this as a warning,
The jest will hold good, for the moral is plain,
E're ye part with your wives give a hearty good
morning,

And as brisk a good night when you meet 'em
again.

With aruv, ruv, ruv, ruv, ruv, areau,
Ruv, aruv, aruv, ruv, ruv in and out O.

SONG XXIII.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Vauxhall.

SWEET thrush that makes the vernal year
Sweeter than Flora can appear,
As Philomel attends the lay,
She envies the return of day;

The tuneful lyre and swelling flute
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute :
 Vocal minstrel thy soft lay
 Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark! how the blackbird woos his love,
 The skill'd musician of the grove,
 On thorn as perch'd he nobly sings
 A cadence for the ear of kings ;
 Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
 A virginal to hail a queen.
 Nature's music thus improves
 All the graces and the loves.

S O N G XXIV.

PATTY OF THE MILL.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON, at Renelagh.

SWEETER than the hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill ;
 Much fairer than the lilly blows,
 More lovely than the blushing rose
 Is Patty of the mill.

The neighb'ring swains her beauty find,
 With wonder struck they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill ;
 Each squire with all his rustic art
 To soothe and charm the honest heart
 Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move,
A fixed heart more true to love
Than turtles when they bill;
A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
And sweet content smiles in the face
Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
And guards it from all ill:
Ye fair for ever constant prove,
Be ever kind, be true to love
Like Patty of the mill.

S O N G XXV.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Renclagh.

THE fragrant lily of the vale,
So elegantly fair,
Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
To Chloe I compare;
What tho' on earth it lowly grows,
And strives to hide its head,
Its sweetness far outvies the rose,
That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
To many a gaudy strain,
In this we view the virgin white
Of innocence remain:

See

See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head,
 And to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around
 How shines each modest grace!
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands
 To view its lovely face!
 But pray, my Chloë, now observe
 The inference of my tale,
 May I the florist be, and thou
 The lilly of the vale.

SONG XXVI.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

AS thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray,
 I met young Phillis on her way,
 I flew like lightning to her arms,
 And gaz'd in rapture on her charms;
 Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,
 But still she cry'd, *Oh! fye for shame.*

With eager haste I stole a kiss,
 Which blushing Phillis took amiss;
 She push'd me from her with a frown,
 And call'd me bold presuming clown,
 While I confess'd myself to blame,
 But still she cry'd, *Oh! fye for shame.*

In tender sighs I told my love,
 And pledg'd my faith on things above,
 But she like all her sex was shy,
 And tho' I swore would not comply,
 Yet I perceiv'd she met my flame,
 Tho' still she cry'd, *Ob! fye for shame.*

When this I saw I quickly cry'd,
 Will lovely Phillis be a bride,
 For hark! I hear the tinkling bell,
 'To church let's go, it pleas'd her well,
 And soon a kind compliance came.
 But still she cry'd, *Ob! fye for shame.*

Now Hymen's bands have made us one,
 'The joys we taste to few are known;
 No jealous fears our bosoms move,
 For constant each we truly love;
 She now declares I'm not to blame,
 Nor longer cries, *Ob! fye for shame.*

S O N G XXVII.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON, at Renelagh.

AT Windsor, where Thame glides so sweetly
 along,
 Lives the wish of my heart, the dear girl of my
 song,
 Her name at the day I with raptures repeat,
 And am blest when the shepherds but talk of my
 Kare.

In

When

When my fair one is by, the whole village is gay,
 For 'tis she, not the sun, that enlivens the day ;
 The lads are all happy when round her they wait,
 And the ladies learn beauty by watching my Kate.

Should I gain the pale lilly or blush-painted rose,
 And with pinks and sweet woodbuds a garland
 compose,
 More lovely to sight are her looks, and more sweet
 Is the fragrance that dwells on the lips of my Kate,

Hush! hush! ye vain warblers, no more croud the
 spray,
 Nor think to divert with your love-liven'd lay,
 With success each may tune the shrill note to his
 mate,
 But your notes are all harsh to the voice of my
 Kate.

As she sits on the bank by the side of the stream,
 The birds without fear feed and play by the brim,
 And why should they not? they can think no de-
 ceit,
 Such truth is confess'd in the looks of my Kate.

The shepherds bring posies of flow'rs, but the
 maid
 Cries, these are but emblems that I too must fade,
 But myrtles I'll bring, and in their happy date
 Shew the unfading charms of the mind of my
 Kate.

SONG

S O N G XXVIII.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

YE nymphs and ye shepherds that join in the
 throng,
 Pray tarry a-while and attend to my song,
 The story is simple, tho' true that I tell,
 And I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went t'other day to a wake on the green,
 And met with a lass fair as beauty's gay queen,
 I ask'd for a kiss, but the damsel cry'd no,
 And struggled and frown'd, and said pray let me
 go.

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis don't be a prude,
 But still she return'd, I'll cry out if you're rude;
 The more that I press'd her the more she cry'd no,
 And struggled and frown'd, and said pray let me
 go.

I found no entreaties would make her comply,
 When ever I touch'd her 'twas fye, Colin, fye;
 So I sent for a parson and made her my wife,
 And now I am welcome to kiss her for life.

Ye virgins that hear learn example from this,
 Take care how too freely you part with a kiss,
 Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
 For that's the best way to make sure of a man.

S O N G

S O N G XXIX.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

COME Laura, and meet your fond swain,
 Ere Phoebus declines to the west,
 Nor let me still languish in pain,
 Your presence alone makes me blest:
 When absent no pleasure I feel,
 My passions but sicken and die,
 No power my tortures can heal,
 Unless my dear Laura is by.

Then haste to yon jessamine grove,
 Enjoy what no language can tell;
 'Tis the seat of contentment and love,
 Where peace and tranquillity dwell:
 There Cupid our hearts shall unite,
 There Hymen his altar shall raise,
 The muses sweet songs shall indite,
 And charm the whole grove with their lays.

Oh! think with such pleasures as these
 How time will glide swiftly away,
 Each striving the other to please,
 Dull winter shall smile as the May;
 No happiness either will taste,
 But what we both jointly approve:
 Then hither, dear charmer, O haste,
 And bless a fond swain with your love.

SONG XXX.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
I met with young Phœbe who lives at the
mill,

My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a sight,
For Phœbe I vow is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
And swore the next morning I'd make her my
bride,

In anger she said, get you out of my sight,
And go to your Phillis, you met her last night.

Surpriz'd I reply'd pray explain what you mean?
I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen,
Nor can I conceive what my Phœbe is at,
Oh! can't you, she cry'd, well I love you for
that.

Say, did you not meet her last night on this spot?
O Colin, O Colin, you can't have forgot,
I heard the whole story this morning from Mat,
You still may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dearest Phœbe believe,
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive;
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And surely my charmer must hate him for that.

D

Come,

Come, come then, she cry'd, if you mean to be
kind,
I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind;
'Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat,
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

S O N G XXXI.

Sung by Mr. GILSON, at Vauxhall.

PHILLIS to whom none dare be rude,
Whose modest looks conceal the prude,
By chance was seen the other day
Alone in shady groves to stray;
Perhaps you'll ask what she was at,
I dare not tell, but *mum for that*.

She saw a lovely youth appear,
Fearless where virgins ought to fear;
Well, and what then, suppose she did?
We know that scandal's apt to fib;
Perhaps you'll ask what they were at,
I dare not tell, but *mum for that*.

Ye fair ones let this instance prove
'There's no concealing lawless love,
In secret lurks the busy spy,
Nay trees have oft an unseen eye;
Wou'd you conceal what you'd be at,
Be more reserv'd, but *mum for that*.

Since

Since love must then each bosom rule,
His precepts learn from virtue's school;
Let wedlock authorise the youth
Who burns with honour and with truth;
And should you ask what he'd be at,
I dare not tell, but *mum for that.*

S N N G XXXII.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

I Rambled about a twelvemonth I vow,
In search of a damsel for life,
For roving perplex'd I could not tell how,
So ventur'd at last on a wife.

The girls of the town, each rake must well know,
Imbitter the pleasures of life,
For evils on evils will constantly flow,
And makes us all wish for a wife.

A mistress, 'tis true, that's youthful and gay,
May sweeten the troubles of life,
And while she is constant drive sorrow away,
But what is all this to wife.

In wedlock alone true pleasure we find,
To gild the rough passage of life,
Then chuse out a lass with a delicate mind,
And make the dear charmer a wife.

D'2

And

And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man
 Who offers to bless you for life,
 Be constant and true, and as fond as you can,
 For there are the charms of a wife.

S O N G XXXIII.

T H E S A I L O R.

Sung by Mrs. VINCENT, at Marybone

SINCE lost to peace of mind serene,
 I drag my chain in fruitless hope,
 I'll court each melancholy scene,
 And give my sorrows their full scope.
 My lovely, sprightly, gallant tar,
 Who sports with fierce destructive war,
 Think what I feel, where'er thou art,
 Think of thy Mary's breaking heart.

Secure thy dancing castle rides
 Upon the bosom of the deep,
 The stormy wind and wave abides,
 And navigation bids thee sleep;
 But balmy sleep and downy rest
 Shall fly the tempest in thy breast,
 When jealous fears like mine shall prove
 The truth of my dear sailor's love.

Hope, doubt, and fear, and winds and waves
 More dreadful to the love-toss'd mind,
 Than those the skilful seamen braves,
 Who leaves pale care and grief behind.

Th' adventurous maid embark'd like me,
That sails on such a troubled sea,
The ocean's rage would gladly meet,
And in his depths seek a retreat.

Yet, O be still, my frantic brain,
Let reason whisper to thy fears,
My sailor may return again,
Crown'd with success to dry my tears :
When fame, with all her gaudy charms,
Shall yield him to my longing arms,
And one blest'd hour together blend
The lover, hero, husband, friend.

C H O R U S.

Britannia hails thou mighty queen,
The strength, the power, the seas are thine,
Long may thy pow'r on justice lean,
To be preserv'd they must combine :
To courage singly ne'er resort,
For virtue is thy true support,
'Tis that alone can strength maintain,
Be virtuous and for ever reign.

S O N G XXXIV.

THE CHARMS OF THE BOTTLE.

YE mortals whom trouble and sorrow attend,
Whose life is a series of pain without end,
For ever depriv'd of hopes all-cheering ray,
Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day.

Obey the glad summons, 'the bar bell invites,
 Drink deep and I warrant it sets you to rights.

When poverty enters, an unwelcome guest,
 By hard-hearted duns too continually prest,
 When brats begin crying and squalling for bread,
 And wife never silent till fast in her bed.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,
 Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,
 Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot,
 Surrounded by plenty of such rare grape shot.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

Was each dull pedantical text-spinning vicar
 To leave off dry preaching and flick to his liquor,
 O how would he wish for that power divine,
 To change when he would simple water to wine.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

If wine then can miracles work such as these,
 And give to the troubled mind comfort and ease;
 Despair not that blessing in Bacchus you'll find,
 Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

S O N G XXXV.

A GLASS OF GOOD WINE.

MY merry companions so jovial and free
 You know I'm a poet, then listen to me.
 Inspire my muse, jolly Bacchus divine,
 I'll chaunt in the praise of a glass of good wine.

The female whose flattering looking-glass tells
 How much all the rest of her sex she excels,
 In vain from its aid may attempt to outshine,
 More charms she'd receive from a glass of good
 wine.

The short-sighted spark with perspective apply'd,
 In putting the fair to the blush takes a pride;
 Give o'er, bold intruder, your cruel design,
 Greater beauties you'll find in a glass of good
 wine.

Old bald-pated time, who good company spoils,
 When pleasure is reigning and good humour
 smiles,
 With us round the bowl would most chearfully
 join,
 Was his hour-glass chang'd to a glass of good
 wine.

If then such perfections the grape does produce,
 Ye powers above send enough for our use,
 Your bounty to prove drain the sea of its brine,
 And let it again ebb and flow with good wine.

S O N G

SONG XXXVI.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid:
 Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid?
 Lead an innocent astray?
 Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray:
 Men too often we believe,
 And shou'd you me deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break.

SONG XXXVII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, at Vauxhall.

HAPLESS lovers who sue in vain,
 Whose hearts are frozen with cold disdain,
 Learn of Jockey love's pleasing art,
 To quell a beauty's insolence and melt her heart,
 He, like you, would sigh and pine,
 From Phœbus rise to his decline.

O I deny, I reply'd, with scornful brow,
 Ah Jockey, 'twill not do, prithee leave me now,
 Gazing advancing, his eyes love darting,
 Jenny, said he, one kiss at parting;
 Clasp'ing then my slender waist,
 With eager arms he me embrac'd,
 Kiss'd me, call'd on heav'n above
 To record his constant love.

Partially

Partially I ey'd him,
 Faintly I deny'd him,
 My tongue bely'd my heart,
 His shape, his face,
 His manly grace
 Strongly took my lover's part :
 I his suit approving,
 He my doubts removing,
 With ardor reply'd,
 I fly to bring
 The wedding ring.
 Lovely Jenny is my bride:
 Hopeless lovers mind what I sing,
 No cure for disdain but a ring.

S O N G XXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. YATES.

'TIS thus in those toys,
 Invented for boys,
 To shew how the weather will prove;
 The woman and man,
 On a different plan,
 Are always directed to move.

One goes out to roam,
 Whilst t'other keeps home,
 Inſipid and dull as a drone;
 Tho' near to each other
 As ſiſter and brother,
 They both take their airings alone.

S O N G

S O N G XXXIX.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

IN love to pine and languish,
Yet know your passion vain,
To harbour heart-felt anguish,
Yet fear to tell your pain.

What powers unrelenting,
Severer ills inventing,
Can sharpen pangs like these,
Where days and nights tormenting,
Yield not a moment's ease.

S O N G XL.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS.

OH! had I been by fate decreed,
Some humble cottage swain,
In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
My flocks upon the plain.

What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know?
Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd,
My fair-one's lot so low?

S O N G

S O N G XLI.

Sung by Miss SLACK.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die,
And morning streaks the purple sky,
I wake to love with jocund glee,
To think on him who beats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,
And Philomel laments her love,
Each sigh I breath my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey
The frolic birds in amorous play,
While fondest cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

S O N G XLII.

Sung by Miss SLACK and Mr. VERNON.

SHE.

OF Colin's tender love possest,
My heart is glad, my spirits blest;
His chearful looks, his soul sincere,
Shall give the smile, shall wipe the tear.

HE.

HE.

No splendor gilds my homely scene,
 My stores are few, my cottage mean;
 But Phœbe's smile rewards my pain,
 And Colin is a wealthy swain.

BOTH.

No jealous thought shall stain my breast,
 No fears alarm, no cares molest;
 Pleas'd with the ^{swain} ^{nymph} my hopes pursue,
 For ^{He} ^{She} is kind, and I am true.

SONG XLIV.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

WHENCE can you inherit
 To slavish a spirit,
 Confin'd thus and chain'd to a log?
 Now fondled, now chid,
 Permitted, forbid,
 'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame! you a lover!
 More firmness discover;
 Take courage, nor here longer mope:
 Resist and be free,
 Run riot like me,
 And to perfect the picture elope.

SONG

S O N G XLV.

Sung by Mr. GILSON, at Vauxhall.

NOW peace has spread her downy wing,
 And tuneful linnets sweetly sing,
 No longer Phœbe waste the time,
 Enjoy the season in its prime.

No more I court the sound of arms,
 'Tis love and beauty now has charms;
 No longer war my bosom fires,
 But love alone my soul inspires.

But hark! I hear the trumpet sound,
 Loud shouts of war re-eccho round;
 I quit my love for war's alarms,
 Ambition only now has charms.

'Tis war invites me to the field,
 And love and beauty now must yield.

S O N G XLVI.

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess!
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be
 less;

On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

E

Wha

What tho' he all dully and whit'ned does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a bear.
 A clown in his dress may be honeſter far,
 Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.

Tho' his hands are ſo daub'd they're not fit to be
 ſeen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
 Gold in handling will ſtick to the fingers like meal.
 What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without ſcruple from other mens ſacks;
 In this of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or ſhould he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
 In this too he mimicks the tools of the ſtate,
 Whole aim is alone their coffers to fill,
 And all his concern's to bring grift to his mill;
 He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's
 dry;

And down when he's weary contented does lye,
 Then riſe up chearful to work and to ſing:
 If ſo happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

SONG XLVII.

Sung by Miſs BRENT.

CEASE, gay ſeducers, pride to take
 In triumphs o'er the fair,
 Since clowns as well can act the rake
 As thoſe in higher ſphere.

Where

Where then to shun a shameful fate
 Shall hapless beauty go?
 In ev'ry station, ev'ry state,
 Poor woman finds a foe.

S O N G XLVIII.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing apace,
 The rose-bud beginning to blow in her
 face,
 For mamma's wise precepts she cares not a jot,
 Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell
 what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains
 When among the gay youth a tyrant she reigns,
 And finding her beauty such power has got,
 Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell
 what.

Tho' all day in splendor she flaunts it about,
 At court, park and play, the ridotto and rout;
 Tho' flatter'd and envy'd, she pines at her lot,
 Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell
 what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye
 From him she likes best, makes her ready to die,
 Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
 Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell
 what.

Ye fair take advice, and be blest'd while you may,
 Each look, word and action your wishes betray;
 Give ease to your hearts by the conjugal knot,
 Tho' they pant e'er so much—you will soon know
 for what.

S O N G XLIX.

ACHILLES AND PATROCLUS;
Or the Force of Friendship.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN stern Achilles left the Grecian band,
 And orders gave to seek his native land;
 Just as the naval fleet prepar'd to go,
 Patroclus strove Achilles' grief to know.
 Whence comes that sigh,—why heaves thy manly
 breast,
 What fiend invidious robs my friend of rest?
 Divine Achilles, let Patroclus know,
 For friends should always share in private woe,
 Enough, Achilles said,—most noble youth,
 From thee, alas! who can conceal the truth.

AIR.

Know then, my friend, ingrateful Greece
 This day demands my Briseis fair;
 And I, alas! no more shall cease
 To be immers'd in endless care.

But

But mark, ye gods, should Hector carnage spread,
Unmov'd Achilles will smile o'er the dead.

RECITATIVE.

Patroclus heard, while tears half drown his eyes;
And could ye see your country bleed, he cries?
Could you, relentless to the prayer of all,
See Hector triumph in the Grecians fall?
Behold! they fly—to parly is disgrace;
Lend me your armour, I'll the danger face:
Hector himself will be alarm'd with fears,
When in the front thy blazing crest appears,
Achilles like, I'll see my country freed,
Or bravely in the glorious combat bleed.

AIR.

Omnipotent Jove,
And ye powers above,
From dangers great Achilles shield,
While I undismay'd,
In his armour array'd,
Seek peril and death in the field.
Adieu then, my friend,
I'll strive to defend
Those princes Achilles did shield:
Oh! may I, like you,
Great Hector subdue,
Or breathless be stretch'd in the field.

RECITATIVE.

Alternate griefs Achilles' bosom rend,
He scarce can say farewell, adieu, my friend.

Patroclus clad in godlike armour bright,
 Each Trojan trembles at the boding sight.
 The fight began; but oh! the fates decreed
 Patroclus for ungrateful Greece should bleed;
 He fell:—yet e'er an herald could disclose
 What cause Achilles had for inward woes,
 The godlike warrior the sad tidings guess'd,
 And thus the anguish of his soul express'd.

Ain.

My friend, I conceive, by the aspect you wear,
 Your message my peace may destroy;
 But Achilles is proof against sorrow and care,
 And never again will know joy.
 If Patroclus is dead, oh! ye powers divine,
 The hand that depriv'd him of breath,
 Let it feel, in return, the vengeance of mine,
 And death be aton'd for in death.

Once more in the field cruel Hector shall find
 Achilles his valour will try;
 Achilles will prove him, no skulking behind
 Shall enable the traitor to fly.
 Then grant, potent Jove, since Patroclus is slain,
 This arm may the wretch's blood spill;
 When revenge is compleat, on you hostile plain,
 Do with me, great Jove, what you will.

S O N G L.

WHEN hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break,
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.

Where'er my love travels by day,
 Where'er he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms,
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in my arms.

Whilst thou was a shepherd I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life,
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming a wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans in May.
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever without a decay.

Nor age nor the changes of life
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

S O N G

S O N G L I.

BEauteous nymph approve the flame
 Thy merit rais'd within my breast,
 Let every tender thought proclaim
 How much I love, and how distress'd :
 Since words themselves want energy to prove
 What Damon suffers by capricious love.

Suppress not then the pleasing thought,
 Which thy soft nature must advance,
 Nor blush if in the contest caught,
 The purest minds have fell by chance,
 Then deign, Belinda, generous and kind,
 To smile compliance on the humble mind.

S O N G L I I.

L O V E A - L A - M O D E.

TO gain a buxom widow of the Strand,
 Possess'd of beauty, and the chink in hand,
 Who once again for Hymen's flambeau sigh'd,
 Four greedy sparks of different nations try'd.
 A child of Israel's tribe, a bonny Scot,
 A jocky Buck, a Teague from Cork red hot.
 First Mordecai essay'd the fair to win,
 And in Mosaic strain did thus begin.

Madam, behold at your feet
 One dat vas claim to your pity,
 I am de richest of all
 De jews dat dwell in de city ;

If den you kindly to me
 Your person and charms will surrender,
 No laty in all de land
 Like you shall live in splendour.

Next came Sir Archy from the banks of the Tweed,
 Sprung from the proud sarcasm's sneering breed,
 With high-dry'd Glasgow he supply'd his nose,
 And thus began his passion to disclose.

Ah, madam, in geud truth I swear
 I love you more than crowdy,
 And Helen, who set Troy in flames,
 To thee was but a dowdy :
 Might I advise,
 You should despise
 Those things that are about you ;
 Your hond give me,
 You'll honour'd be,
 I cannot live without you.

From fam'd Newmarket's course next squire
 Groom,
 A son of Nimrod, comes to know his doom,
 With rude "Hark forward" he the welken rends,
 Then smacks his whip, and thus himself com-
 mends.

Upon the turf I am well known,
 Sound wind and limb, and ne'er was thrown,
 You'll find I carry full two stone,
 My pretty skittish filly :

Then

Then let the priest his work begin,
 We'll take the knowing-ones all in,
 'Tis six to four the plate I win,
 What says my skittish filly?

Sir Callaghan O Brallaghan next appears,
 At his approach the widow pricks her ears ;
 With honest tongue that ne'er was known to feign,
 He thus attacks her in Fingalian strain :
 Dear creature I come to make love to your cheek,
 My eyes are so full that I scarcely can speak,
 To tell you how Cupid has bodder'd my heart,
 And made such a hole you may drive thro' a cart,
 With my fal de rol, bow wow whack.

When mine you shall go drefs'd as fine as a lord,
 Have a monkey to play with when I am abroad;
 A grand stately mansion to keep out the weather,
 And we'll cuddle like pigs in a hogsty together.
 With my fal de rol, &c.

Struck with his form of right Broughtonian make,
 She strait resolves Sir Callaghan to take ;
 With pleasing smiles confirms his happy lot,
 And thus confounds the Jockey, Jew and Scot.

Against your attacks I remain firm as a rock,
 Away with your crowdy, your horses and stock ;
 My heart I bestow where I now give my hand,
 Sir Callaghan's the man that shall plough up my
 land.

S O N G

SONG LIII.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

AT TEND all ye shepherds and nymphs to
 my lay,
 You may learn from my tale and go wiser away;
 A damsel once dwelt at the foot of a hill,
 Well known by the name of the maid of the mill.

In her all the graces had jointly combin'd,
 Her face to improve and embellish her mind;
 Nor pride nor deceit e'er her bosom did fill,
 'Twas nature alone in the maid of the mill.

The lord of the village beheld the sweet maid,
 Each art to subdue her was presently laid,
 With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,
 But nought could prevail with the maid of the mill.

Her virtue she priz'd beyond splendor or state,
 Tho' poor yet she never repin'd at her fate;
 His proffers she slighted, in vain all his skill
 To ruin the fame of the maid of the mill.

Young Colin address'd her with hope and with
 fear,
 His heart was right honest, his love was sincere,
 With rapture his bosom each moment wou'd thrill,
 Whene'er he beheld his dear maid of the mill.

His

His passion was founded in honour and truth,
The nymph read his heart and of course lov'd
the youth ;

At church little Patty soon answered I will,
His lordship was baulk'd of the maid of the mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair,
Content, they are strangers to sorrow and care;
The flame they first rais'd in each other burns
still,

And Colin is blest'd with the maid of the mill.

S O N G L I V .

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature,
Prove as kind again to she :
Happy mortal to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon and night caress her,
And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit ;
Nothing's tough enough to bind her,
Then a-gog when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her,
Heart alive you're fairly quit.

S O N G

S O N G L V.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

PLague take such folks,
 Their whims, their jokes,
 With their nonsense, rant and riot;
 This calls me clown,
 That shoves me down,
 Can a body ne'er be quiet.

So push'd about,
 Thrust in, thrust out,
 In a tumult, noise and hurry;
 I'm squeez'd to death,
 I've lost my breath,
 And my wits run hurry-scurry.

S O N G LVI.

A B U C K ' s S O N G.

KINGS, emperors, and turks boast how
 mighty they are,
 Whilst Bucks, though but subjects, are happier far;
 More happy, as gay and as wise:
 If women, good humour, mirth, honour, and wine,
 Can change man from mortal and make him divine,
 From these all our pleasures arise.

F

Whilst

Whilst dull drowsy creatures pass years after years,
 'To joys like ours, heighten'd, quite strangers
 their cares ;

Their cares, their lives daily destroy :
 We Bucks, as by nature innate, blythe and gay ;
 Kifs, drink, laugh, and sing, care and trouble
 away ;

And life's a compleat scene of joy.

Let those who are guided by musty old rules,
 Who dare us pronounce either monsters or fools,
 Of censure themselves hence beware ;
 For Buck's of true spirit, mirth, honour, and sense,
 Can have for enjoyment as well as defence
 The sweetest companions, the fair.

Appeal to the sex, either country or town,
 With those we sit up with, or those we lay down ;
 For them, Bucks, by choice, are the men :
 By pleasure peculiar we heighthen their joy ;
 Them fly to defend, when we court, kifs, and toy,
 Act the scene o'er again and again.

Then charge, my choice spirits, your bumpers
 fill high,
 In chorus your voices send up thro' the sky ;
 And let them mortals to know,
 Tho' men are but mortal by nature on earth,
 We Bucks grow divine thro' our virtue and mirth,
 And excel all mankind here below.

S O N G L V I I .

The C O R D E L I E R .

WH O has e'er been at Paris must needs know
 the Greve,
 The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave,
 Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
 To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet,
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had
 put on,
 And the hangman compleats what the judge but
 begun :
 There the 'squire of the pad and the knight of
 the post,
 Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes
 no more crost.
 Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets
 are known ;
 And the king, and the law, and the thief has his
 own :
 But my hearers cry out, what a duce dost thou ail,
 Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
 Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
 And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,

A Norman of late was obliged to appear,
And who to assist, but a grave cordelier.
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire whose good grace was to open the
scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should
begin:
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son, says the
priest,
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd;
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was
taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die, let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade,
Courage, friend: to day is your period of sorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-

To-morrow! our hero reply'd, in a fright;
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of
to-night.

Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly
tuck'd up,

For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the
treat,

Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat:

I should therefore esteem it a favour and grace,

Would you be so kind as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the father, and thank you to
boot,

But our actions, you know, with our duty must
suit:

The feast I propose to you I cannot taste,

For this night by our order is mark'd for a fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade;

For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie,

And we live by the gold, for which other men die.

Derry down, &c.

SONG LVIII.

The Jovial PHILOSOPHER.

BE content in your station, my friend,
 The maxim is *probatum est*;
 Life's short from beginning to end,
 Then let us pass thro' it with zest.

The monarch furrounded by fame,
 Can taste no more pleasure than you ;
 His passions and feelings the same,
 Desires and wishes as few.

The cobbler who hugs his brown lads,
 Feels emotions of love full as strong
 As those of a much higher class,
 And glories he won her by song.

For the loss of a nail tinkers rage,
 As much as for realms a great king ;
 With clamours our ears both engage,
 And much the same peal they both ring.

On my word, my good friend, we're a crowd,
 Variegated among great and small;
 We take it by turns to be proud,
 And likewise by turns rise and fall.

Like actors, who strut for an hour
 In all the grand slav'ry of state ;
 Next day abdicated from power,
 With pages o'er porter they'll prate.

Then

Then from an enlivening bowl,
 While your reason holds good ne'er flinch;
 For life's but a span, my brave soul,
 Then faith we'll enjoy ev'ry inch.

S O N G LIX.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
 As thus — a decent blind;
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
 Resentments in the snap;
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,
 Consent, a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,
 All modes of female art;
 And to advantage sweetly shews,
 The hand if not the heart.

'Tis folly's scepter, first design'd
 By love's capricious boy;
 Who knows how lightly all mankind
 Are govern'd by a toy.

S O N G

SONG LX.

The SERIOUS LOVER.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
 Relieve the heart you've won;
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or, Jenny, I'm undone:
 You say I'm fickle, and apt to change
 At every face that's new:
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd none but you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright eye;
 And then it kindled in a trice,
 A flame that ne'er can die:
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 That I've a heart that's true;
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

SONG LXI.

SYLVIA to ALEXIS.

ALEXIS, how artless a lover!
 How bashful and silly you grow!
 In my eyes can you never discover,
 I mean yes when I often say no?
 I mean yes, &c.

When

When you pine and you whine out your passion,
 And only intreat for a kiss;
 To be coy and deny is the fashion,
 Alexis should ravish the bliss.
 Alexis should, &c.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason
 To make some defence for the town:
 To surrender without it were treason,
 Before that the outworks were won.
 Before that, &c.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,
 'Tis for honour and modesty's sake;
 He is but a pitiful lover,
 Who is foil'd by a single attack.
 Who is, &c.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
 The best and the bravest must yield;
 I am not to be won by a coward,
 Who hardly dares enter the field.
 Who hardly, &c.

S O N G LXII.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

AH! why should fate pursuing
 A wretched thing like me;
 Heap ruin, thus on ruin,
 And add to misery?

The

The griefs I languish under,
 In secret let me share ;
 But this new stroke of thunder,
 Is more than I can bear.

S O N G LXIII.

The Triple Disposition of the SEXES.

WHAT various expressions our language
 allows
 To a lover, a bridegroom, and veteran spouse;
 How diff'rent their thought, and how diff'rent
 their carriage,
 In courtship, at wedding, and after their marriage.

The lover whines out in a languishing air,
 My beauty, my angel, my charmer, my fair;
 Her cheeks are like roses, her lips are like ruby;
 He makes her a goddess, she makes him a booby.

The bridegroom now thinks he more freedom can
 take,
 And calls her his deary, his duck, and his drake;
 He swears time itself his love cannot cool;
 He thinks her an angel, she thinks him a fool.

The husband in short time can clearer perceive,
 For what people see, they are apt to believe;
 He thinks her a compound of mischief and evil,
 He calls her whore, and she calls him a devil.

S O N G

S O N G LXIV.

Sung by Miss SLACK.

A GAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
 A simple swain, a simple maid;
 O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
 By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds shall strain their little throats,
 And warble wild their merry notes;
 Whilst we converse beneath the shade,
 A happy swain and happy maid.

Thy hands shall pluck to grace my bow'r,
 The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r;
 Whilst joys, shall blest for ever new,
 Thy Phœbe kind, my Colin true,

S O N G LXV.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS.

A H! how vainly mortals treasure,
 Hopes of happiness and pleasure,
 Hard and doubtful to obtain:
 By what standards false we measure,
 Still pursuing, ways to ruin,
 Seeking bliss, and finding pain.

S O N G

S O N G LXVI.

SWEET Sally to suffer ordains me,
 To languish, to sigh and despair;
 By her looks, I perceive she disdains me;
 So cruel she is, tho' so fair:
 What fate is as wretched as mine is,
 If Sally my love does neglect?
 And tho' in my eyes she divine is,
 Yet to gain her I ne'er can expect.

If from Sally a smile I discover,
 It softens my present distress;
 Tho' I fear she is loving another,
 Yet still I'm in hopes of success:
 But when I reflect at my leisure,
 I perceive my endeavours are vain;
 For how can I gain that blest pleasure,
 The gods for themselves do ordain.

Was to me then my Sally but giv'n,
 Oh! what would my pleasure destroy?
 For nothing on earth, nor in heav'n,
 Could equal that moment of joy:
 For since I have known the dear creature,
 This reason I have for my fears;
 Sweet Sally's a goddess in feature,
 Tho' she but a woman appears.

S O N G LXVII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS.

STILL in hopes to get the better,
Of my stubborn fate I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Then relapsing fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

S O N G LXVIII.

Sung by Mr. SHUTER.

WHY how now miss Pert,
Do you mean to divert
My anger by fawning and stroking?
Wou'd you make me a fool,
Your play-thing, your tool?
Was ever young minx so provoking?

Get out of my sight,
'Twould be serving you right,
To lay a sound dose of the lash'on:
Contradict your mamma,
I've a mind by the la!
But I won't put myself in a passion.

G

S O N G

S O N G LXIX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river dee;
He work'd, he sung, from morn till night,
No lark more blythe than he.

And this burden of his song,
For ever used to be;
I care for no-body, no, not I,
If no-body cares for me.

S O N G LXX.

Sung by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

WITH the man that I love was I destin'd to
dwell,
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
Retreats the most barren, most desert wou'd be,
More pleasing then courts or a palace to me:
Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire,
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire,
I yield them the bliss, where there wishes are
plac'd,
Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

S O N G

S O N G LXXI.

The LOVER's DECLARATION.

LET misers seek riches, let statesmen seek places,
 And sordidly courtiers hunt pensions ;
 At their heart's feeling anguish, with smiles on
 their faces,
 Encompass'd around by dissensions.

Pursuits such as these can no pleasures bestow,
 But are often attended with shame ;
 With desires more noble and generous I glow,
 The hope of a mutual flame.

Then Venus, bright goddess, be firmly my friend,
 And Cupid attend to my plea ;
 A sharp pointed arrow into her breast send,
 And wound her as she's wounded me.

S O N G LXXII.

Sung by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

WE women, like weak Indians, trade,
 Whose judgment tinsel shew decoys ;
 Dupes to our folly we are made,
 While artful man the gain enjoys,
 We give our treasure to be paid,
 A paultry poor return in toys.

S O N G LXXIV.

BEAUTY and musick charm the foul,
 Though sep'rate in the fair;
 What mortal can their pow'r controul,
 When heav'n has join'd them there?

What needed then my Cælia's art,
 To sing or touch the lyre?
 Your charms before had won my heart,
 'Twas adding flame to fire.

S O N G LXXV.

An HYMENEAL CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

HENCE care and sorrow, hence all jarring
 strife,
 Let mirth abound, now Jenny is a wife;
 Let discord, enmity, and envy cease,
 And nought be seen but love, content, and peace;
 And may hence forward each consenting pair,
 Such satisfaction in their nuptials share.

A I R.

May the joyous and gay,
 Who are present each day,
 Be strangers to sorrowful thinking;
 May ev'ry one be,
 Good humour'd and free,
 While prudence directs us drinking.

Let

Let your buxas then declare,
 Who, to subdue the fair,
 New schemes are continually trying;
 How soon they are cloy'd
 When the object's enjoy'd,
 And condemn the weak fair for complying.

Then swains learn to love,
 If you'd happiness prove,
 Not the blooming young maiden for beauty;
 But the girl, who, with care,
 Has avoided the snare,
 Nor yields till commanded by duty.

Then let's fill up each glass,
 May each swain find his lass
 Like Jenny, consenting and tender;
 May the fair learn to stay,
 Till the priest says obey,
 And stern virtue applauds the surrender.

RECITATIVE.

The lovely fair, as near her lord advanc'd,
 A smile upon him ravishingly glanc'd,
 Conflicting passions glow within her breast,
 Till potent love these sentiments express'd.

A I R.

Was ever a maiden so happy as me,
 Who daily with pleasure can view
 The man whom I chose, a foe to deceit,
 So worthy, so artless, so true;

Oh, may then each fair, who to marriage consents,
 Be bless'd with a husband like mine;
 For when with the hand we the heart interchange,
 Love then is a passion divine.

Let all those who think to be happy in life,
 This maxim for ever retain;
 Though vice for a time may our reason beguile,
 The offspring of folly is pain;
 But ah! how reverse is the state of the fair,
 Whose heart is in bondage at ease;
 For love is refin'd in the marriage embrace,
 And virtue is certain to please.

S O N G LXXVI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

LET gay ones and great,
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run;
 Well who cares a jot?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light;
 The blisses I find,
 No slings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

S O N G

S O N G LXXVII.

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face
 My heart was blyth and gay,
 Free as the wind or feather'd race,
 That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,
 Clarinda proves unkind,
 I sighing drop the silent tear,
 But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearse,
 When I the fair have found;
 On ev'ry tree appears my verse
 That to her praise resound.

But the ungrateful shuns my sight,
 My faithful love disdains;
 My vows and tears her scorn excite,
 Another happy reigns.

Ah, Thyrsis, though my looks betray,
 I envy your success,
 Yet love to friendship shall give way,
 I cannot wish it less.

S O N G LXXVIII.

CUPID DROWN'D: A DRINKING SONG.

YE rosy-face'd sons of the rich purple juice,
 Attend to the carol I now shall produce,
 What

What subject so noble to chaunt o'er our bowls,
As that which we know will make happy our souls.

To make me in love, and appear like an afs,
And kneel at the feet of each proud forward las,
The goddess of beauty had long strove in vain,
But love while I've liquor shall ne'er give me pain.

At length quite enrag'd that a mortal like me
Should laugh at her power and yet remain free,
The urchin young Cupid she bade quickly fly,
And never return till he made me comply.

The youth left Olympus to old England he came,
Discover'd my haunts, chose a dart, took his aim,
But 'ere he had time to pursue his design,
I plung'd him headlong in a hog'shead of wine,

And now there's an end of that troublesome boy,
'The pleasures of wine we may freely enjoy ;
Let Sol round the globe roll as fast as he will,
'The bottle and glass shall keep up with him still.

SONG LXXIX.

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

YOUNG Roger went wooing to Kate.
A brisk las he had long in his eye.
He scrap'd and he bow'd,
He sigh'd and he vow'd
If he did not have the he should die.

But

But she had a heart like a stone,
And she us'd the poor thing like a dog,
She call'd him dull clown,
Declar'd with a frown
She wou'd never be ty'd to a log.

Then Roger with tears in his eyes,
And his heart almost ready to break,
Cry'd who so unkind
To one you will find
Other maidens for thee does forsake.

With scorn she rejected his love,
And strait left her fond swain in the lurch,
With Jack on the green
Next day was she seen,
And soon after went with him to church.

The honey-moon scarce was begun,
When she turn'd out the plague of his life,
So Roger is glad
His fate's not so bad,
Since he's rid of a termagant wife.

S O N G LXXX.

T H E M A N T O H E R M I N D .

LEAVE party disputes, your attention I pray,
All you who to mirth are inclin'd,
And of those I dislike when you hear what I say,
You may guess at the man to my mind.

Ye

Ye self-loving coxcombs whose fondness is seen,
 From the form your false mirrors display,
 When you talk of a passion as nothing you mean,
 So—all goes for nothing you say.

No pretension I boast to the awkward young heir,
 Tho' born to a wealthy estate,
 Who paying no court to the charms of the fair,
 Buys a wife like a calf by her weight.

The old batter'd rake sure no woman can love,
 Who has long reckon'd marriage a curse,
 Tho' his great condescension he's ready to prove,
 By his taking a wife for a nurse.

A fool for a husband some females have chose,
 And repentance oft rues what is past,
 Tho' she turns for a season which way the wind
 blows,
 The weathercock's rusty at last.

But the man that has sense with a heart that's sincere,
 Where passion and reason agree,
 Whose fortune's sufficient to combat with care,
 —Can't you guess at the lover for me.

SONG LXXXI.

MY cautious mother 'tother day
 Cry'd, Polly, mind me do,
 I saw young Damon come this way,
 And fear he came to you :

You

You know he's gay and thought a rake,
 So never welcome make him;
 Thus I got scolded for his sake,
 I wish the deuce may take him.

It's true I met him in a grove,
 He gently clasp'd my hand,
 Then sigh'd and talk'd more things of love
 Than I could understand;
 And who'd have thought that we were seen?
 But of such tricks I'll break him;
 If he won't tell me what they mean,
 The deuce sure ought to take him.

I often feel my bosom glow
 With warmth I never knew,
 If this be love that haunts me so,
 What can a virgin do?
 Indeed for pipe, for dance and song
 'Gainst ev'ry swain I'd take him,
 But if he tantalizes long
 I hope the deuce will take him.

They say from wedlock springs delight,
 Then let him speak his mind,
 I've no objection to unite
 With one so fond and kind:
 My mother tho' too apt to pry,
 To disoblige I'm loth,
 Howe'er I'll wed, then all her cry,
 Will be deuce take you both.

S O N G

SONG LXXXII.

THE WEDDING NIGHT.

WHEN first I saw my fair in best,
 Her cheeks with crimson blushes spread
 The blushes of a maid;
 How throb'd with joy my am'rous breast,
 While Delia in my arms I prest,
 Half yielding, half afraid.

At length, my fair, at length I cry'd,
 No longer cruelly deny'd,
~~How~~ The mighty joy we prove;
 In search of unexperienc'd bliss,
 Increas'd by every burning kiss,
 I now attend my love.

Then pressing still with eager haste,
 The lovely zellus of her wait,
 Was once for all unbound;
 Transported with the mighty joy,
 Alas! she cries, my glorious boy,
 What bliss in love is found.

Thus lock'd within each other's arms,
 I rifled all my Delia's charms,
 My Delia rifled mine;
 Around the still supporting tree,
 Thus fasten'd with eternal glee,
 Inclines the am'rous vine.

SONG

S O N G LXXXIII.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green
hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the boughting for gather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn rigs weav'd yellow and blue hether
bells
Bloom'd bonny on Moreland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers or brekens were trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the flane,
And came off the victor my heart was ay fain,
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,
For none can put, wrestle or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny fings safly the cowden broom knows,
And Rosie lits sweetly a milking the ewes;

H

There's

There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing
 As thro' the wood laddie lass gars our lugs ring;
 But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
 'The Boatman, Tweed-side, or Lass of the mill,
 'Tis many times sweeter and pleasanter to me,
 For tho' they sing nicely they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire,
 And praises sae kindly increases love's fire;
 Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

S O N G LXXXIV.

WHEN first Eliza caught my eyes,
 I gaz'd with wonder and surprize,
 At her beauty, ease and grace,
 So fair a form, so sweet a face.

But when her mental charms I knew,
 Quick to my heart their influence flew,
 Then tender, soft emotion mov'd,
 I saw, admir'd, approv'd and lov'd.

Possess'd of all to charm and please,
 Amour's sweetness, grace and ease;
 In virtue pure as saint above,
 Eliza's sure the queen of love.

Fair excellence, O deign to smile,
 My anxious fears and doubts beguile,
 Some pleasing hopes of bliss impart,
 For, O my fair, thou hast my heart.

SONG LXXXV.

OUR glasses waiter, once again supply,
 Bring t'other dozen, breach the seal and dry.
 Let not vacuity the board disgrace,
 But with rich claret fill the hoarded space!
 Potent juice that rules the earth,
 Inspirer of wit and mirth,
 Source of joys that ne'er decay,
 Ever bubbling,
 Never troubling,
 Always sparkling, brisk and gay:
 Recruit my goblet to the brink,
 I'll sing thy praises while I drink.

SONG LXXXVI.

TELL me Cupid, tyrant arching,
 Why thus arm'd and aim'd at me,
 If the heart of Delia searching,
 Know it is and will be free.
 Damon's passion is invented,
 Ever roving like the bee,
 Till with one alone contented,
 I will ne'er submit to thee.

S O N G LXXXVI.

C EASE, Chloë, thus to vex,
 A heart you know is thine,
 Resume the tender sex,
 Encroach not so on mine.

Variety you love,
 Who too it is confess'd,
 But do you not approve
 Each trying to be bless'd.

Inconstancy you fix
 The character of man,
 And yet I swear by Styx,
 It is the female plan.

Our vows you oft reject,
 Turn all to ridicule,
 And penances inflict,
 As punishments at school.

Think man a creature wild,
 By love in fetters led,
 Or think him but a child
 That should your anger dread.

Such usage man disdains,
 Humour taught to rule,
 Nor e'er were the chains
 But a despairing fool.

Then

Then Chloe fix my love,
 Now force thee from thy charms,
 Denial makes us rove,
 Secure me in thy arms.

S O N G LXXXVII.

BETSY: *Sung by Mr. HUDSON, at Renelagh.*

A WAKE, thou blithsome god of day,
 Invite each songster round,
 Let ev'ry heart be blyth and gay,
 The world with mirth abound;
 Betsy's sweet seraphic charms
 In raptures now I sing,
 Soon let her prison be my arms,
 And I'll thy tribute bring.

Ye regents who the realms above
 With godlike sweetness guard,
 Fair Betsy's heart invade with love,
 Her faithful swain reward;
 If not avaunt, ye gods divine,
 Contented let me die,
 My Betsy's eyes much brighter shine
 Than all your spangled sky.

No longer boast your lillies fair,
 Now russet seems your snow,
 With Betsy's skin their white compare,
 Where new-born roses grow;

Your sun that gilds the realms above,
 A distance heat may give,
 But Betty's eyes will always prove
 How sweet it is to live.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

CAULD be the rebels cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.

Bless'd be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high in station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king and nation.

S O N G LXXXIX.

A D R I N K I N G S O N G.

COME, my never frowning glass,
 Always welcome to my lip,
 Here's to Delia, lovely lass,
 Oh how grateful is the sip;
 This is pleasure to the soul,
 This will banish care away,
 He who hates the smiling bowl,
 What's he fit for toppers say.

S O N G

SONG XC.

YE virgins attend,
 Believe me your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my plan,
 Ne'er let it be said,
 There goes an old maid,
 But get marry'd as fast as you can.

As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man,
 Then choose out a youth
 With honour and truth,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

For age like a cloud,
 Your charms will soon shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span,
 Then maids make your hay
 While Sol darts its ray,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake
 Will artfully take
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan,
 But baffle the snare,
 Make virtue your care,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

When

When Hymen's bands
Have join'd your hands,
The bright flame still continue to fan,
Ne'er harbour the stings
That jealousy brings,
But be constant and blest'd while you can.

S O N G XCI.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love and why should you deny.

PEGGY.

But ken ye lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the woing's done;
'The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE.

But gin they ling o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye,
Red checked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

PEGGY

PEGGY singing falls into PATIE's arms.

Then dinna pu' me gently, thus I fa'
 Into my Patie's arms for good and a',
 But flint your wishes to this kind embrace,
 And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu' hence ye cares away,
 I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-long day,
 All night I'll dream my kiffes o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

BOTH.

Sun gallop down the western skies,
 Gang soon to bed and quickly rise;
 O lash your steeds post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day,
 And if ye're weary'd, honest light,
 Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

SONG XCII.

JENNY said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell,
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

SONG

S O N G X C I I I.

Taken from the Virginia Gazette.

SURE never was picture drawn more to the life,
 Or affectionate husband more fond of his wife,
 Than America copies, and loves Britain's sons,
 Who conscious of freedom are bold as great guns.
 Hearts of oak are we still, for we're sons of those
 men

Who always are ready, steady boys, steady,
 'To fight for their freedom again and again.

Tho' we feast and grow fat on American's soil,
 Yet we own ourselves subjects of Britain's fair isle,
 And who's so absurd to deny us the same,
 Since true British blood flows in every vein.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

Then cheer up my lads, to your country be firm,
 Like kings of the ocean we'll weather each storm,
 Integrity calls out fair liberty see,
 Waves her flag o'er our heads, and her words are
 be free.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

To king George as true subjects we loyal bow
 down,
 But hope we may call magna charta our own,
 Let the rest of the world slavish worship decree,
 Great Britain has order'd her sons to be free.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

Poer

Poor Esau his birthright gave up for a bribe,
 Americans scorn the soul-selling tribe ;
 Beyond life our freedom we chuse to possess,
 Which thro' life we'll defend and abjure the broad S.
 Hearts of oak are we still, and we're sons of
 those men,
 Who fear not the ocean brave roarings of can-
 non
 To stop all oppression again and again.

O'er her brow while we laurel-crown'd liberty wear,
 What Englishmen ought we Americans dare ;
 Though tempests and terrors around us we see,
 Bribes nor fears can prevail o'er the hearts that
 are free.

Hearts of oak are we still, and we're sons of
 those men,
 Who always are ready, steady boys, steady,
 To fight for their freedom again and again.

With loyalty liberty let us entwine,
 Our blood shall for both flow as free as our wine,
 Let us set an example what all men should be,
 And a toast give the world, " Here's to those that
 dare be free."

Hearts of oak, &c.

SONG XCIV.

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling,

Better

Better far to do as I do,
Left a harder luck betide you.

Lasses when their fancies carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthful joys.

S O N G XCV.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT.

THE flowers which grace their native beds,
Awhile put forth their blushing heads,
But e're the close of parting day,
They wither, shrink, and die away.

But those which mimic skill hath made,
Nor scorch'd by suns, nor kill'd by shade,
Shall blush with less inconstant hue,
Which art at pleasure can renew.

S O N G XCVI.

SPEAK on—speak thus and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
Those fears that soon will want relief,
When Patie must from his Peggy sunder.

A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me, will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy praises tell,
Ah! I can die but never sunder.

Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rocks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again ah! shall I never creep
Around thee now with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty.

Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou should prove a wandering lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

S O N G XCVI.

DEAR Roger if your Jenny geck
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight.

But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse, then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on and win the day.

When maidens innocently young,
 Say often what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een.

If these agree, and she persist
 To aniver all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

S O N G XCVII.

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.

I'll visit aft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love and hide my blush,
 Whilst round thou did enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 To Greenwood-shaw or fountain,
 Or where the summer-day I'd share
 With thee upon yon mountain.

There

S O N G C I.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

MY Dolly was the fairest thing,
Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring;
And if for summer you wou'd seek,
'Twas painted in her eye and cheek.

Her swelling bosom tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type;
But when my tender tale was told,
I found her heart, like winter, cold.

S O N G C II.

The MOUSE and the RAT.

WHEN a certain great house
Was alarm'd by a mouse,
They said that they'd quickly expel him;
But one Mr. M——
A wife one for certain,
Declar'd it was wisest to kill him.

Then arm'd cap-a-pee,
With a pistol went he,
Egad 'twas a scene of high mirth;
To shoot the poor mouse,
And expel him the house,
He resolv'd to expel him the earth.

This method they say,
Is a short and sure way,
If a house should be troubled with mice;
So without any flurry,
Shoot them all in a hurry,
And then they're expell'd in a trice.

Should this house contain
Such vermin again,
'Twere easy enough to outroot 'em;
Were there twenty and more,
Ay, twice twenty score,
Send for brave Mr. M—— to shoot 'em.

Then talk ye no more,
Of your marksmen of yore,
Of a more skilful marksman I tell ye;
Squire M—— by name,
Had a much better aim,
For he shot a poor mouse in the belly.

But why was this house
So alarmed at a mouse,
Pray tell me the reason of that;
Methinks at this time,
For the sake of a rhyme,
They might easily smell out a rat.

This rat, as they say,
Has by night and by day,
Been gnawing the heart of the nation;
Then why should they all
Strive a mouse to enthrall,
When a rat causes all their vexation.

There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows your mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

S O N G XCVIII.

HID from himself now by the dawn,
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawns
 After his bleating flocks;
 Healthful and innocently gay,
 He chaunts and whistles out the day,
 Untaught to smile and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfullied with a crime,
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

S O N G XCIX.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's comely in his wawking,
 The shining of his een surprise,
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There many a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.

He kifs'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And lov'd me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing since syne,
 O corn-rigs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafly should be granting.

Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cocker-nunny,
 He's free to travel air or late,
 Where corn-rigs are bonny.

S O N G C.

Sung by Miss SLACK.

HOW strange the mode which truth neglects,
 And rests all beauties in defects!
 But are by homely nature taught,
 Tho' rude in speech are plain in thought.

S O N G

If ought of substantial delight,
 On this side the stars can be found;
 'Tis sure when that couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

S O N G C V.

THINK not man from art is free,
 Any more than woman kind;
For they flatter when they see,
 They our female weakness blind:
 If we are easy to believe,
Men are subject to deceive;
 Then, ye fair, declare; who can
 Love that faithless creature, man?

Men by stratagems most strange,
 For us women lay a snare;
First they ruin, then they change,
 Careless for the injur'd fair:
From thence our future woes begin,
 From a small, to greater sin.
 Then, ye fair, &c.

Shun then, lovely charmers, shun;
 Shun the fatal killing dart;
If you feel it you're undone,
 For it rankles in the heart;
It's venom'd point to wound is sure,
 Beyond all human art to cure.
 Then, ye fair, &c.

Wonder

Wonder not then, perjur'd man,
 If for gold we sell our charms;
 You our ruin first began,
 And entic'd us to your arms;
 Since then your faith we cannot trust,
 Blame not us if we're unjust.
 Then, ye fair, &c.

S O N G C V I.

The H A P P Y L O V E R.

THroughout the nation, sir, find me a lass,
 That's loving, engaging, and pretty;
 She freely into my affection shall pass,
 As sure as there's fools in the city.

And if she proves kind, sir, why I shall prove true,
 And justly esteem her my treasure;
 But should she be scornful, what then shall I do?
 Why, faith, I'll dismiss her with pleasure.

S O N G C V I I.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE.

YES, that's a magazine of arms,
 To triumph over time;
 Whence beauty borrows half her charms,
 And always keep her prime.

Let 'em fend for a cat,
To destroy this old rat,
And soon put an end to their trouble ;
For reason will tell it,
Unless they expel it,
That the fear of a mouse is a bubble.

S O N G C H I I I .

The I N V I T A T I O N .

NOW the wintry rains are o'er,
Rattling blast, and stormy roar ;
Now the sun resumes his ray,
Rise, my fair, and come away.

Spring renews her beauteous birth,
Rising from the teeming earth ;
Birds salute the op'ning day,
Rise, my fair, and come away.

Turtles cooing, trill the note,
Softly through the warbling throat ;
Pair'd they sit on ev'ry spray,
Rise, my fair, and come away.

Flora's bounty decks the fields,
Every beauty Flora yields ;
While each flow'ret seems to say,
Rise, my fair, and come away.

Op'ning

Op'ning pleasure now invites,
Sheds around it's new delights;
All the village now is gay,
Rise, my fair and come away.

Shepherds wait us on the plain,
Ev'ry nymph has join'd her swain;
Nature too is doubly gay,
Rise, my fair, and come away.

Will, my love, a chaplet wear,
Braided roses for her hair;
While we thro' the thicket stray,
Rise, my fair, and come away.

'Thro' the thicket, thro' the grove,
Feats of pleasure, feats of love;
Minutes fly by this delay,
Rise, my fair, and come away.

Chuse what pastime suits thee best,
Leave this dull, inactive rest;
By the brook no longer stay,
Rise, my fair, and come away.

S O N G C I V.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art;
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart.

At that the prude, coquette and saint,
 Industrious sits her face ;
 While powder, patch, and wash, and paint,
 Repair or give a grace.

To arch the brow there lies the brush,
 The comb to tinge the hair ;
 The Spanish wool to give the blush,
 The pearl to dye them fair.

Hence rise the wrinkled, old, and grey,
 In freshness beauty strong ;
 As Venus fair, as Flora gay,
 As Hebe ever young.

S O N G, CVIII.

Sung by Miss DAVIES.

SINCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I'll
 seek,
 But go up to town in the waggon next week ;
 A service in London is no such disgrace,
 And register's office will get me a place.

Bett Blossom went there and soon met with a friend,
 Folks say in her silks she's now standing an end ;
 Then why shou'd not I the same maxim pursue,
 And better my fortune as other girls do ?

S O N G

S O N G C I X.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

WHEN a maid in way of marriage,
First is courted by a man,
Let'un do the best he can;
She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
'Tis with pain the suit's began.

Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
Still she shams it coy and cold,
Fearing to confess it plainly,
Lest the folks should think her bold.

But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo,
'Tis a different story quite,
And she quickly buckles too.

S O N G C X.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

TRUST me would you taste true pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
No where shall you find the treasure
Sure as in the sylvan scene.

Blest who no false glare requiring,
Nature's rural sweets admiring,
Can from grosser joys retiring,
Seek the simple and serene.

S O N G

S O N G C X I.

A SONG upon SONGS.

C O M E every brisk soul
 Who delights in a bowl,
 In mirth, or what to it belongs ;
 Attend to my verse,
 While here I rehearse,
 To please you, a song upon songs.

But first, I declare,
 To him who to hear
 This little original longs ;
 Let him think what he will,
 Nought offensive or ill
 Is contain'd in this song upon songs.

Great statesmen conceal
 Their schemes wheel in wheel,
 And under disguise commit wrongs ;
 I no-body hurt,
 But contribute to mirth,
 By writing a song upon songs.

The boisterous knave,
 Who pretends to be brave,
 And boasts of his fights and ding dongs ;
 When put to the test,
 How fallen his crest,
 And his courage—a song upon songs.

K

The

The clergy resort
To superiors at court,
And crave for fat livings in throngs;
While I, with low aim,
Aspire to fame,
In scribbling a song upon songs,

Taste differs in all,
In great and in small.
A hobby-horse to all belongs;
A girl, ball, or play,
A review, or birth-day,
Or even a song upon songs.

Guitars with some suit,
Some a fiddle, or flute,
And some love a poker and tongs;
Some admire duetto's
And others cantato's,
And others my song upon songs.

Let all who've the spleen
Buy this magazine,
Such properties to it belongs;
It will give them a cure
As certain and sure
As this is a song upon songs,

But if you proceed,
And continue to read
Each song which to this book belongs;
You'll own, I believe,
Many pleasure can give,
Beside this our song upon songs.

SONG

SONG CXII.

The RECIPE. *By* JOHN OAKMAN.

E Ach soft tender youth, who in soft tender lays,
In the service of beauty would venture for
praise;

That fly to the meadows, the fields, and the groves,
And solicit the aid of the graces and loves;
Then talk of her eyes, her lips, bosom, and arms,
And the red-fisted lass is a Venus in charms.

Plain Susan, and Dolly, no longer must down,
Nor Roger, or Dick, for each rustical clown,
The muses must christen them over again,
Plump Doll is a nymph, and stout Roger a swain,
Then Damon, and Chloe, to prattle of love,
Must wander a while in the eglantine grove.

Then the sky-lark, the wood-lark, the linnet,
and thrush.

In concert must join on each shrub, tree, or bush.
Tho' charming the prospect, and tuneful their song,
Yet mind to say this as she passes along.
That her voice, tho' alas! like a peacock she squall,
Is softer, and stronger, and sweeter than all.

Example next teaches the garden to seek,
And the rose, and the lilly unite on her cheek:
Each flower that's valued for odour or hue,
At her presence must straitway spring up to the view;

K 2

Yet

Yet blooming and gay, as the nymph passes by,
They for envy must instantly wither and die.

When she walks, oh ! ye gods, how majestic her air,
Not Jove's haughty queen can with Chloe compare;
The test of perfection her person must be,
Tho' majestic, yet modest ; tho' modest, yet free,
When she deigns to come forth to rejoice the glad
plain,
The graces, attendant, —— must hold up the train.

Thus externally drest away to her mind,
Her sense is a wonder, so great ! so refin'd !
Tho' perceiving her wit, and her judgment, tho' just,
'Tis with candour and diffidence always express't :
Thus proceed, my young bard, and I warrant ere
long,
You produce that strange medley yclept, a love song.



S O N G CXIII.

WHEN first simple Strephon perceiv'd that
his heart,
Was touch'd with Cupid's invincible dart;
Tho' urg'd by his passion, the nymph to pursue,
His courage could only say, how d'ye do ?

But finding love's fire to burn very strong,
And found that her heart would be touch'd ere
'twas long ;
On a different plan he began strait to woo,
And seizing her hand, cry'd my dear, how d'ye do ?
Observing

Observing this freedom not taken amiss,
He ventur'd her lips to salute with a kiss;
Then vow'd that such pleasure before never knew,
So kiss'd her again with a—how d'ye do?

In a very short time he next begg'd of the fair,
She'd take a walk with him, it matters not where:
Where, some how or other, 'tis certainly true,
He won the nymph's heart with his—how d'ye do?

S O N G CXIV.

The M A G I S T R A T E S.

In Two CANTATAS.

- | | | | |
|-----|-------|---|--------------------------|
| I. | } The | { | MAGISTRATE of the Night. |
| II. | | | MAGISTRATE of the Day. |

The M A G I S T R A T E of the Night.

CANTATA I.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the dreary hour when sprites abound,
And nimble fairies trip enchanted ground;
When none but rogues and vagrants walk the
streets,
And watchmen snore, regardless of their beats;
When weary'd hackney horses slowly move,
And on their boxes coachmen sleep above:

In elbow-chair, and awful state compos'd,
 The midnight Magistrate his will disclos'd ;
 The hobbling, drowsy walking-dials heard
 His words with wonder, and his anger fear'd ;
 In admiration of his wisdom stood ;
 Then cry'd his honour was as wise as good ;
 Well pleas'd he nods, and hums his joy to show,
 Then thus his own importance lets them know.

AIR.

Attend, my friends, while I display,
 And make you understand,
 The reason why you must obey,
 And why I will command.

Know then, I represent the king,
 Tho' you may think it odd ;
 And I can affidavits bring,
 That kings descend from God.

RECITATIVE.

Thus having spoke with countenance quite big,
 He blow'd his nose, took snuff, and plac'd his wig ;
 Then sunk supinely in the elbow-chair,
 To snore away the tedious hours, and care ;
 But envious of his ease, and drowsy joys,
 Two buckish sparks molested him with noise ;
 The rattles turn—whores scream—and oaths re-
 found,
 And lamps demolish'd jingle on the ground ;
 The veterans fall out, and leave their beer,
 And to the assistance of their brothers steer ;
 O'er-

O'er-power'd by numbers, tho' they bravely fought,
The bucks were to the round-house safely brought,
Th' awaken'd chief, with anger in his face,
Thus with the sparks expostulates the case :

AIR.

Disturbances of the public peace,
And of the peace of me ;
Shall such disorders never cease,
And I in office be.

Can't you go quiet to your beds,
As other people do ?
No—you must break my watchmen's heads,
And beat them black and blue.

Hand-cuff, and put them in the hole,
Unless they'll tip some chink ;
Which if they do, upon my soul,
I think we'll have some drink.

RECITATIVE.

The cash produc'd, they are allow'd to stay,
And drink, and sing until returning day.

The MAGISTRATE of the Day.

CANTATA II.

RECITATIVE.

ABOUT the time when busy faces meet,
And carts and coaches rumble in each street
Wh

When madam rises, and the tea things rattle;
 And all the sex prepare for general rattle,
 The maudlin libertines are let to know,
 They must attended to the justice go:
 A coach is call'd—they to his worship steer,
 To be or sent to Bridewell, or set clear.
 His worship o'er his chocolate attends,
 To punish foes, and to oblige his friends;
 With air important, then demands the cause,
 Why they are brought, and for what breach of laws.
 In sober sadness the great, the grave chief explains,
 The bucks transgression, and his—want of brains.

AIR.

Your worship must know,
 Ten hours ago
 Which was in the dead of the night;
 These sparks play'd the devil,
 In manner uncivil,
 And throw'd us all into a fright.

My mens heads they broke,
 And call'd it a joke,
 And made twenty lamps for to rattle;
 But being surrounded,
 They soon were confounded,
 And vanquish'd, and taken in battle.

RECITATIVE,

His worship heard and strok'd his under jaw,
 Then look'd authority, and gave an haw;
 Turn'd o'er the statutes, and the riot act,
 And talk'd of quint, and quart, and doubt, and fact:
 But

But the young blades, to mollify the cause,
And smooth the aspect of hard-featur'd laws;
Begg'd that they might a private word express,
Which was acceded to with readiness;
Then, humbly pray'd, their rashness he'd forget,
And they'd remain for ever in his debt;
And with respect, and great submission shown;
They hop'd he'd make a trifling gift his own:
This generous spirit in each culprit spark,
Produc'd these orders to his worship's clerk.

A I R.

Clerk, write a discharge,
And set these at large;
For, faith they are men of condition:
'Tis true, they transgress'd,
But now they've express'd
For their folly, much grief and contrition.
For justice, sometimes,
Should wink at small crimes,
Of rigour relax, and be kind;
The poor I commit,
But pay and submit,
You'll find me, as painted, quite blind.

S O N G CXV.

IN Cloris all soft charms agree,
Enchanting humour, pow'rful wit,
Beauty from affectation free,
And for eternal empire fit.

Where'er

Where'er she goes, love waits her eyes :
 The women envy, men adore,
 But did she less the triumph prize,
 She would deserve the conquest more.

I could lie ages at her feet,
 Adore her, careless of my pain ;
 With tender vows her rigour meet,
 Despair, love on, yet not complain.

My passion from all change secure,
 No favours raise, nor frown controuls ;
 I any torment could endure,
 But hoping with a crowd of fools.

S O N G CXVI.

Young Damon and Chloewere mutually fond,
 They kiss'd and they toy'd all the day ;
 Kind Hymen consented to finish the rest,
 And join them for ever and aye,
 Some fiend interfer'd, and the rites were delay'd,
 By a circumstance few would suppose ;
 For thoughtless young Damon one day as he play'd,
 Presented to Kitty——a rose

Alarm'd at the gift, Chloe rated the youth,
 Fill'd with jealousy, rage, and disdain ;
 She call'd him false hearted, perfidious and base,
 And instantly quitted the plain.
 He endeavour'd his innocence vainly to prove,
 No words could her passion compose ;
 Such present she said, were sure emblems of love,
 And Kitty accepted——the rose.

To

To the church, or the wake, or wherever he went,
 He follow'd in hopes of relief;
 Obdurate the fair, and regardless beheld
 The type of his penitence—grief.
 Tho' seldom, if ever, she deign'd a reply,
 'Twas only to add to his woes!
 "No art shall e'er win me again to comply,
 "Remember young Damon, the—rose."

For ever refus'd, when he knew that his heart
 To Chloe was virtuous and true,
 He thought 'twas too much:—So neglected the
 fair,
 Another more kind to pursue,
 This treatment at length so afflicted the maid,
 She fought him her mind to compose,
 He gladly consented, and soon they were wed,
 And Chloe ne'er thinks of—the rose.

S O N G CXVII.

The FRIAR and NUN.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

IN Paris city they report for truth,
 There dwelt an active priest, in prime of youth
 And in the convent, as some others say,
 There liv'd a nun as blooming as the May.
 The rev'rend father sigh'd for her in vain,
 But dar'd not openly his love explain:

Her

Her beauty fann'd the embers of desire,
But looks austere quite damp'd the rising fire.
At length kind fortune did his wishes bless,
For the fair nun came to him to confess :
With great devotion she her forehead sign'd,
And thus reveal'd the troubles of her mind.

AIR.

Holy father believe,
For my errors I grieve,
And sincerely repent each transgression;
One fault above all
My mind does enthrall,
And torments me surpassing expression.

Tho' to God I am bound
Yet Cupid has found
The method to lead me astray ;
Alas ! I am frail,
For love would prevail,
Tho' conscience cry'd sternly stay, stay.

RECITATIVE.

The jolly priest, as near the fair he stood,
Feels genial warmth stir up his youthful blood ;
Then smiling on the lovely suppliant fair,
He chuck'd her chin, and bade her not despair :
I know no harm there is in love, he said,
Each sex, my dear, was for the other made ;
The church ordains it, and you do no fault,
If to the church you yield up what you ought :
But 'tis a sin, if any one should feast
Upon those charms, unless he is a priest.

AIR.

A I R.

Consider how happy will be your condition,
 If once you will form resolution
 To bed with a prelate—you need no contrition,
 For prelates can give absolution :
 Then yield to my arms
 Thy ravishing charms,
 Permit me thy beauties to rifle,
 You know I can bless ye,
 As well as confess ye,
 Besides it is only a trifle.

S O N G CXVIII.

TEMPLE GALLANTRY.

Or the Attorney's Clerk's Description of his Mistress.

THE beauties I wish to engross, fir,
 In rhyme I will fairly transcribe ;
 You'll find, when her charms I disclose, fir,
 A judge or a baron they'd bribe.

Her skin as crown paper is white, fir,
 And smooth as a clarify'd quill ;
 To copy her charms I delight, fir,
 And think twenty sheets I could fill.

Her waist is as straight as a ruler,
 And black as my ink is her hair ;
 But, faith, if she grows any cooler,
 I shall very shortly despair.

L

Her

Her eyes like my silver stand shine, fir,
 Her lips, like the Dutch wax, are red;
 She's surely of lineage divine, fir,
 And must be a goddeffs in bed.

Like a pleader she charms when she talks, fir,
 And looks like a judge in her chair;
 As grand as a counsellor walks, fir,
 And is worth a thousand, I swear.

Her teeth, like my ivory knife, fir,
 Are beautiful, glossy, and white;
 Ah! may she but once be my wife, fir,
 I'll love her all day and all night.

S O N G CXIX.

WELL I agree, ye're sure of me,
 Next to my father gae,
 Mak him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nae.

For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld, love grows cauld
 When bairns want milk and meal.

Sou'd he deny, I carena by
 He'd contradict in vain,
 Tho a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.

Then

Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree ;
And if you'll prove faithful in love,
You'll find no fault in me.

S O N G CXX.

The Rural COQUET.

A Young and beauteous shepherdes,
Was courted by a swain,
Whose love deserv'd a kind return,
But met with cold disdain.
In various forms he woo'd the fair,
He ly'd, he sigh'd, he swore ;
Address'd her like a deity,
Tho' human form she wore.

The nymph remain'd inflexible,
And baffled all his skill ;
His love repuls'd, he still attack'd,
But could not gain his will.
Till by experience wiser grown,
He plays a different part ;
Affected mirth and gaiety,
And well conceal'd love's smart.

Her slighting, slighted ; scorning, scorn'd ;
Disdaining, he disdain'd ;
Her pride subdu'd, and o'er her heart
An easy conquest gain'd.

The nymph grew kind, the swain grew kind,
 The nymph grew kinder still;
 Love forc'd her to surrender,
 The shepherd had his will.

S O N G CXXI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

ODDS my life, search England over,
 And you match her in her station,
 I'll be bound to fly the nation,
 And be sure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating,
 Still her pretty name repeating;
 Here's the work 'tis always at,
 Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle,
 What on yearth can sweeter be,
 When her little eyes so twinkle,
 'Tis a feast to hear and see.

S O N G CXXII.

COLD winter with an icy face,
 Thou bids us once farewell,
 And man-like March to take his place,
 One month with us to dwell.

His brother to sweet April show'rs,
And ushers to sweet May,
And in his hat he wears a leek
Upon Saint David's day.

Then Julius Cæsar with his force,
Did first invade this land,
The welshmen bold, with foot and horse,
Did his proud force withstand.
A tribute he from them did seek,
Which they refus'd to pay,
That makes the Welshmen wear their leeks
Upon Saint David's day.

Then after them the Saxons came,
Whom Essex to obtain,
And with an army well prepar'd,
This kingdom for to gain.
Both towns and cities went to rack,
While Saxons bore the sway ;
At length the Welshmen drove them back,
Upon Saint David's day.

And after them the Danes came in,
That proud usurping foe,
At Winchester they did begin
This land to overflow.
Till captain Lloyd, that Welshman bold,
Did see their lives decay,
And conquer'd all the Danish crew,
Upon Saint David's day.

When Crookback Richard wore the crown,
 As regent of this land,
 No policy could pull him down,
 Nor his proud force withstand;
 Till Henry Richmond enter'd Wales,
 Whom Welshmen did obey,
 And conquer'd him in Bosworth field,
 Upon Saint David's day.

In Jacobus let Spaniards boast,
 Saint Dennis was for France,
 Saint Patrick for the Western coast,
 Now Welshmen bold advance.
 So let Saint George still wield the sword,
 And David bear the sway;
 Welshmen wear leeks with one accord
 Upon Saint David's day.

The Welshmen they were always true,
 And with a full consent,
 They gave their king and prince
 Their due, and lov'd their president.
 So jovial blessing be upon these lads
 That gain the boldest sway,
 The Lord may bless their merry hearts
 That keep Saint David's day.

S O N G CXXIII.

HOW shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than any of thae.
 Scur

Sour weak fellows that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy and mak their wives snoots.

The man that is prudent ne'er light lies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife ;
He praises her virtues and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

S O N G CXXIV.

On the Lovely Miss B R O W N.

DEAR, madam, excuse
So artless a muse,
That endeavours your beauties to paint ;
The fault is not mine,
For tho' you're divine,
My power to praise you is faint.

If the goddess of love
E'er stepp'd from above,
To visit the groves upon earth ;
I think it quite plain,
You was one of her train,
Or at least it was there you had birth.

Let those of more skill,
Paint beauties that kill,
And arm their bright eyes with a frown ;
But I, for my part,
Such beauties desert,
'To sing the good-natur'd Miss Brown.

S O N G

S O N G CXXV.

R H O D A M A N T A D O.

O F all the cant words the age now affords,
 Their meaning, their sound, or intention,
 When all's said and done, I'll bet two to one,
 They'll never beat what I now mention.
 These please but a few of the rascally crew,
 The beaux monde you'll never persuade;
 The barber or shaver, or what else you have, sir,
 Can please like dear Rhodamantado.

The swaggering blade, with long sword and cock-
 ade,
 Who bullies and struts like a Hector,
 You may think what you will, 'tis evident still,
 That Rhodamantado's his director:
 For if it should hap, that he meets a stout fop,
 Who minds not his puff and parado;
 His carriage you'll smoak, he'll cry 'tis a joke,
 And only meant Rhodamantado.

The ladies so pretty, so charming and witty,
 Who ogle, who trip, and coquet it;
 When you press for the bliss, cry fie, 'tis amiss,
 And in vain your endeavour to get it:
 Yet this is all sham, mere baffle and flam,
 And only the tricks of their trade;
 For if you stand stout, their virtue'll give out,
 And prove only Rhodamantado.

The

The men of the law, who a brief can well draw,
 And tell you the cause is quite good, fir;
 When you put in your plea you must tip him the
 fee,

Or you'll find you've misunderstood, fir;
 'Tis money's the sense, and the full evidence,
 And the law without this is delay'do;
 You may rave, stamp and stare, or bully and
 swear,
 'Twill prove but mere Rhodamantado.

Yon prig there in black, hark! he tips you the
 clack,

With scripture his sermon is cramm'd, fir;
 Tho' his splenetic rage makes him rail at the age,
 And fears you are totally damn'd, fir:
 Yet 'tis only the trade of this pragmatic blade,
 To himself he's not quite so hardo,
 For he drink, sing and kiss, and cry what harm
 is in this,

Which proves he means Rhodamantado.

Then let each jolly soul push round the bowl,
 And give up his mind to delight, fir;
 With hearts full of glee, let us till merry be,
 And chearfully spend day and night, fir:
 And lest now my song you begin to think long,
 And cry 'tis the dullest cremadeo,
 Without much ado, I'll agree, firs, with you,
 That my singing is Rhodamantado.

SONG

S O N G CXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

THE sun, like any bridegroom gay,
 Rose to salute the spring,
 The flow'rets hail'd the birth of May,
 And birds began to sing;
 When Damon tript it o'er the plain,
 Dear Chloe's heart to win;
 But at the window tap'd in vain,
 She wou'd not let him in.

Beside the mansions where the great
 From glorious feats retir'd,
 The Druids us'd to celebrate
 The virtues they admir'd:
 Love whisper'd then in Damon's ear,
 And bad his song begin;
 And thus he sung, to please the fair,
 In hopes she'd let him in.

So sweet his song, the maiden rose,
 In rural plain attire,
 And like the genial season glows
 With thrilling, soft desire:
 But, angry like, by love controul'd,
 Cry'd, shepherd, why this din?
 Why wake me thus? I've often told
 I ne'er would let you in.

The fair one in his arms he press'd,
 And kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
 And who with honour in his breast,
 Could then have thought on more?
 To church he led her in her prime,
 For pleasure void of sin,
 And now she hails the happy time
 When first she let him in.

S O N G CXXVII.

THE GOBLET OF WINE.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll en-
 twine,
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
 And what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of a favourite lass?

'Tis woman, whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
 The miser himself, so supreme is his sway,
 Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
 And poverty listens well pleas'd, from her bed;
 While age in an extacy hobbling along,
 Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.
 Then

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on his board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover—and pledge me who
dare.

S O N G CXXVIII.

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
Laugh, and worldly cares despise:
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief;
Joy from drinking will arise.
Why should we wrinkled care,
Change what nature made so fair?
Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire;
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the sum of my desire.
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content;
Drink, and set your minds at rest,
Quiet of mind is always best.

Busy brains, we know, alas!
With imaginations run
Like sand in the hour-glass,
Turn'd and turn'd, and still runs on.

Never

Never knowing when to stay,
But uneasy ev'ry way;
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free;
Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me.
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait;
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

S O N G CXXIX.

W E D L O C K.

OF all the various states of life,
Sure wedlock is the best,
For in a faithful loving wife,
A man is surely blest.

Of all the joys this world can give,
All kinds of earthly bliss,
There's none can equal, as I live,
The matrimonial kiss.

How sweetly glides the time away,
When sitting by his wife,
The happy spouse with joy can say,
Come kiss me, my dear life.

M

When

When worldly cares perplex and gall,
 And threaten rude alarms,
 The married man forgets them all,
 When in his wife's dear arms.

Not Hybla's fam'd poetic grove,
 With all its fabled sweets,
 Can equal those of wedded love,
 Betwixt the lawful sheets.

How joyous is the happy dad,
 How swells his heart with glee,
 When little Poll, or Sall, or Ned,
 He dandles on his knee.

And now to pay me for my song,
 Pray all your wishes join,
 That e're the time be very long,
 Some sweet girl may be mine.

Sing the last verse twice over.

S O N G CXXX.

BACCHUS when merry bestriding his tun,
 Proclaim'd a new neighbourly feast;
 The first that appear'd was a man of the gown,
 A jolly parochial priest;
 He fill'd up his bowl, drank healths to the church,
 Preferring it to the king,
 Altho' he long since left both in the lurch,
 Yet he canted like any thing.

The

The next was a talkative blade, whom we call
 A doctor of the civil law,
 Who guzzled and drank up the devil and all,
 As fast as the drawers could draw :
 But healths to all nobles he stiffly deny'd,
 Tho' lustily he could swill,
 Because still the faster the quality dy'd,
 It brought the more grist to his mill.

The next was a physician to ladies and lords,
 Who eases all sickness and pain,
 And conjures distempers away with hard words ;
 Which he knows is the head of his gain :
 He step'd from his coach, fill'd his cup to the brim,
 And quaffing did freely agree,
 That Bacchus, who gave us such cordials to drink,
 Was a better physician than he.

The next was a justice who never read law,
 With twenty informers behind,
 On free-cost he tippl'd, and still bid 'em draw,
 Till his worship had drunk himself blind ;
 Then reeling away they all rambled in quest
 Of drunkards and jilts of the town,
 That they might be punish'd to frighten the rest,
 Except they wou'd drop him a crown.

The fifth was a tricking attorney at law,
 By tally-men chiefly employ'd,
 Who lengthen'd his bill with co-hy and maw-draw,
 And a hundred such items beside ;

The healths that he drank was to Westminster-hall,
 And to all the grave dons of the gown,
 Rependum & Petro, dorendum & Paul,
 Such Latin as never was known.

The last that appear'd was a soldier in red,
 With his hair doubled under his hat.
 Who was by his trade a fine gentleman made,
 Tho' as hungry and poor as a rat :
 He swore by his G—d, tho' he liv'd by his king,
 Or the help of some impudent punk, [sing,
 That he wou'd not depart till he made the butt
 And himself most confoundedly drunk.

S O N G CXXXI.

WHAT tho' the sun withdraws his ray,
 And clouds bedark the sky,
 Yet soon shall winter pass away,
 And spring salute the eye.

The clouds dissolv'd by chearful sun,
 Soft pleasures will encroach,
 The sun obscur'd, the clouds return,
 As winter does approach.

But ah! when wint'ry age draws on,
 A dreary scene's in store,
 Life's sun, that warm'd the heart is gone,
 And spring returns no more.

S O N G

SONG CXXXII.

Sung by Mr. YATES.

THO' my dress, as my manners, is simple
and plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands a
year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting un-
couth,

I feel no remorse from the follies of youth;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And my boys think my life not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and gri-
mace,

Creep under, dance over for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a crown,
Those of honest I prize, and that title's my own.

SONG CXXXIII.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

WHEN we see a lover languish,
And his truth and honour prove,
Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,
And repay him love for love.

S O N G CXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. LOWE.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?
 I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee, dear Chloe, be kind;
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields:
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore,
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine:
 What joy can be greater than this is!
 My life on thy lips shall be spent;
 But the wretch who can number his kisses,
 Will always with few be content.

S O N G

SONG CXXXV

Sung by Mr. LOWE.

STINT me not in love or wine,
 I'll have full draughts of either;
 Round me springs the mantling vine,
 Bacchus, haste you hither.

See: the grape bleeds to replenish my cup,
 I'll drink it, Silenus, I'll drink it all up:
 And tho' my feet stagger, and tho' my eyes roll,
 Ye Bacchanals bring me another full bowl.

Truce with your bumpers, Venus now,
 The ruddy victor chases;
 Send some nymph with graceful brow
 To my warm embraces.

See blooming young Hebe is now on the wing,
 As ripe as full summer, as wanton as spring;
 Ye fawns and ye dryads, far hence from the grove,
 'Tis silence and gloom that is sacred to love.

Steering thus from joy to joy,
 Careful thoughts I banish;
 Time this flame shall ne'er destroy,
 Others blaze and vanish.

Ye graces and satyrs, my chaplet prepare,
 With myrtle and ivy come bind up my hair;
 While I in due justice your pains will requite,
 By drinking all day, and by loving all night.

SONG

S O N G CXXXVI.

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the non-
 sense of men,
 I promis'd my mother again and again,
 To say as she bids me wherever I go,
 And to all that they ask, or wou'd have, tell 'em, no.
 And to all, &c.

I really believe I have frighten'd a score,
 They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more;
 And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so,
 Were the same thing to do, I again shou'd say no.
 Were the same, &c.

For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,
 Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart;
 Such questions he puts, since I answer him so,
 That he makes me mean yes, tho' my words are
 still no.
 That he makes, &c.

He ask'd did I hate him, or think him too plain?
 (Let me die, if he is not a clever young swain)
 If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him wou'd go?
 Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd and
 said no.
 Then he press'd, &c.

He ask'd, if my heart to another was gone,
 If I'd have him to leave me, and cease to love on;
 If.

If I meant all my life-long to answer him so?
If falter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, no.
I falter'd, &c.

T'is morning, an end to his courtship he made,
Will Phillis live longer a virgin? he said,
If I press you to church, will you scruple to go?
In a hearty good humour, I answer'd, no, no.
In a hearty, &c.

S O N G CXXXVII.

Sung by Miss SLACK and Mr. VERNON.

SHE.

SEE traitor now before thy face,
Thy falshood stands confess:

HE.

O maiden think me not so base,
I feign'd it I protest.

SHE.

Go, go deceitful swain.

HE.

Say not those words again.

SHE.

Thy guilt is now too true.

HE.

Such words are death from you.

SHE.

No better are thy due.

HE.

Yes, better are my due.

S O N G

SONG CXXXVIII.

A SAILOR'S Song.

ON old England's blest shore
 We are landed once more,
 Secure from the storms of the main;
 For great George, and his cause,
 For our country and laws,
 We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Where the sun's orient ray,
 First opens the day,
 On Indies extended domain;
 The swarthy-fac'd foes
 Who dar'd to oppose,
 We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Come, my brave hearts of oak,
 Let us drink, sing, and joke,
 While here on the shore we remain;
 When our country demands,
 With hearts, and with hands,
 We are ready—to conquer again.

SONG CXXXIX.

WHAT is beauty when virtue's away?
 A short blooming flower of youth!
 A flower that blooms to decay,
 E'en when it is supported by truth!

But

But virtue, when beauty is gone,
 Shines lovely for ever confest,
 Gives majesty grace on a throne,
 And banishes care from the breast.

Ye nymphs then regard the fond muse,¹
 Tho' now you are blooming and gay,
 Be your mind your chief care to pursue,
 For beauty can last but a day.

S O N G CXL.

A Doating old miser, of sixty or more,
 Whose wealth was acquir'd by cheating the
 poor,
 A blooming young damsel, of virtue and carriage,
 Had begg'd of her father, to give him in marriage.

Her father agreed, and no time was delay'd,
 When the lady was spoken to thus by the maid:
 'Than have this old fumbler I rather would die;
 Be quiet she cry'd, and attend my reply.

I let the silly old dotard to marriage proceed,
 'There are horns for his head, I'm certain, decreed;
 So I'll pluck up my courage as well as I can,
 And make him a cuckold, I warrant—poor man.

My youth, and my beauty, my wit, and my charms,
 Were never intended, for his feeble arms;
 He may fondle and tease me, and do all he can,
 Ye: I'll make him a cuckold, I warrant—poor man.
 Tho'

Tho' he drefs me as fine as the wife of a lord,
And in fine coaches, tho' he take me abroad,
It will fignify nothing,—I'll wager a can;
For I'll make him a cuckold, a cuckold—poorman.

Ye dotards take warning by this dotard's fate,
Nor think of a blooming young girl for a mate;
Should they fmile and approve, 'tis your purfe
to trepan;
Then fend you to heaven as faft as they can.

S O N G CLXLI.

The B R I T I S H H E R O,
Or the Death of General Wolfe.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

O'ER Quebec's plain were Gallia's forces spread,
To many warlike chiefs the destin'd bed;
When Wolfe appear'd all glorious to behold,
His bands connected, refolute, and bold;
The clanging instruments awake the woods,
And founds responsive tremulate the floods;
The burnish'd arms attract the folar rays,
And glitt'ring terror o'er the field difplays;
When thus brave Wolfe address'd his warlike train,
While on the Gallic bands he look'd difdain.

AIR.

AIR.

Think, think, my brave friends,
On your valour depends,
Your country's glory and good ;
No mean thoughts of gain
In your breast entertain,
Be lucrative motives withstood.

Let honour inspire,
For honour give fire,
For honour high brandish the blade ;
Be virtue your cause,
And honour your laws,
Your toils will by heav'n be repaid.

RECITATIVE.

Now Carnage led by Horror shews her face,
And unrelenting Death encreas'd his pace ;
Drums, trumpets, cannons in confusion roar,
Expiring cries affright the hostile shore ;
But in the field, alas! as in the state,
The greatest merit meets the hardest fate,
Wolfe falls—Britannia's Genius gives a groan,
And Fame immortal seal'd him for her own :
Streaming in blood he rolls his livid eyes,
And hearing shouts, has England lost, he cries ?
Oh no ! I view the victors colours fly,
My country conquers, and in peace I die.
Yet, ere his soul its destin'd journey sped,
He sigh'd, and thus to his attendants said ;

N

AIR.

AIR.

Farewel, my friends ; Britannia, now adieu,
 I die contented, since I bleed for you ;
 Victory now his wings expands,
 To smoothe the trackless way,
 And Peace immortal opes its hands,
 To lead me up to day :
 My country serv'd, I ask no greater fame
 Than is contained in a Briton's name.

SONG CXLII.

COME Comus, come Bacchus, come Venus,
 all join,
 While I sing the praise of mirth, beauty, and wine,
 As high as the subject inspire the lays,
 And my sonnets for ever shall flow to your praise.

Mirth banishes strife, and gives joy to the heart,
 Makes dullness seem gay, and bids sorrow depart ;
 The miser, the lover, its virtues declare,
 For it opens the purse, and it softens the fair.

When beauty approaches all charming to sight,
 Each breast feels the impulse, and springs with
 delight ;

Love greater than all, can all passions controul,
 With tenderness softens and tempers the soul.

But

But oh! when the bottle does both those attend,
 'Tis mirth's best companion and beauty's gay
 friend;
 Then grant me this blessing, ye powers divine,
 Crown my life here below, with mirth, beauty,
 and wine.

S O N G CLXIII.

A W E L C H S O N G.

COT splutter o' nails,
 Hur was come from North Wales,
 To try her good fortune in London;
 But oh! hur poor heart,
 Hur fears for her part,
 Alas! hur for ever is undone.

For as hur was coing,
 With Shenkin and Owen,
 To pray to goot Tavit hur faint, fir;
 A young tamsel hur met,
 Put hur all in a sweat,
 Goot lack hur was ready to faint, fir.

So pright was her eyes,
 As the stars in the skies,
 Hur lips were like rupies so fine, fir;
 Hur cheeks were o'erspread
 With a sweet white and red,
 She look't like an angel divine, fir.
 N 2 When

When she spoke, how hur voice
 Made her posome rejoice!
 So charming and prafewere hur words, fir;
 The wood-lark or thrush,
 That sing on a push,
 No accents fo sweet can afford, fir.

Since that luckless hour,
 So creat is love's power,
 Hur croans and fays nothing put heigh day!
 Put hur passion, hur fear,
 Hur can never declare,
 For the lasf was as crand as a lady.

Yet true lovers all,
 When you hear of hur fall,
 O'er hur crave shed a tear out of pity;
 For fo earnest hur craves,
 Hur shall tie hur believes,
 And fo there's an end to her titty.

S O N G CXLIV.

B R I T A N N I A.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Discord ceas'd, and bloody broils no
 more
 In war destructive shook this happy shore;
 When

When Carnage ceas'd, and Death refus'd to stain
With British blood the dreadful martial plain :
Britannia rose, and with a graceful smile,
In gentle accents, thus address'd her isle.

AIR.

Ye Britons, what nation but England can sing,
In freedom we rise every day ;
In freedom we sleep, and are blest with a king,
'Tis a pleasure in all to obey :
Then my children, encrease
The sweet blessings of peace,
Let trumpets in melody join ;
While truth shall proclaim
George's virtues and fame,
Which on record for ever will shine.

RECITATIVE.

The sound seraphic reach'd the royal ear,
And gazing crowds the heav'nly accents hear ;
Reviving joy returns in ev'ry breast,
War disappear'd, and Peace the kingdom blest ;
The happy isle no greater blessing seeks——
The monarch rises, and thus nobly speaks :

AIR.

Britannia, be assur'd, I pride to see
Myself the monarch of a people free ;
Happy to govern o'er this blissful isle,
Where blessings on my subjects ever smile ;
As long as I the royal scepter bear,
My country's good shall be my greatest care ;

May peace continue, nor my people know
The casual griefs which from Bellona flow,
Firm to Britannia's cause my arms shall sleep,
As long as England's foes their treaties keep;
But if my lion is induc'd to roar,
Destruction hovers round the Gallic shore.

SONG CXLV.

The BACCANALIAN.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS in a tavern toping Lewis drank
The sparkling juice in company with Frank;
Tell me, quoth he, can man in joy abound;
For where, unless in wine, is pleasure found?

AIR.

Then leave off all thinking,
There's pleasure in drinking,
That none but a buck can define;
For the bottle and glass,
I prefer to a lass,
And would sell the whole sex for good wine.

Oh! could I with ease,
My palate but please,
Ye gods! how in claret I'd roll;
With a quantum of claret,
Content in my garret,
I'd enjoy both my bottle and bowl.

Then

Then talk not of whoring,
 Of ranting and roaring,
 And kicking a dust up at night;
 For I will maintain,
 All pleasure is pain,
 Where the bottle procures not delight.

Then replenish the glass,
 Who denies is an ass,
 The bottle, the flask, and the bowl;
 But he who right thinks,
 And like myself drinks,
 I pronounce him a buck and a foul.

S O N G CXLVI.

FOR Chloe long had Damon sigh'd,
 And knel't and swore, and pray'd and cry'd,
 Nay, did the duce knows what!
 Insensible to all his pain,
 She boasted that he wore her chain,
 And made it—common chat.

Whate'er he did, whate'er he spoke,
 She turn'd to ridicule and joke,
 Or never gave him hearing;
 At length, tir'd out, he left the chace,
 And swore:—no more to see her face!
 But what's a lover's swearing?

The

The cunning nymph with female art,
Now play'd upon his yielding heart,
And smil'd with approbation!
He, simple gudgeon, snap't the bait,
With eager arms embrac'd his mate,
And doats!——to adoration.

S O N G CXLVII.

D U E T T O.

Shepherd.

HOW charming is the month of May!
How sweet the birds sing on each spray!
The meads with various flow'rs crown'd,
How gay is nature all around!
How happy every nymph and swain,
Who blest with rural mirth the plain.

Shepherdes.

'Tis virtue, shepherd, is the cause,
That ev'ry pleasing prospect draws!
That gone, in vain the birds would sing,
Adieu the May, adieu the spring;
Where innocence delights to reign,
How sweet the sport, how blest the plain.

Both.

Where innocence delights to reign,
How sweet the sport, how blest the plain.

S O N G

S O N G CXLVIII.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT.

VOWS of love should ever bind,
 Men who are to honor true ;
 They must have a savage mind,
 Who refuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
 Whom from constancy do swerve ;
 So may every nymph agree,
 All such faithless swains to serve.

S O N G CXLIX.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

THUS laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd,
 I stamp, I tear, I rave ;
 Capricious, light, injurious maid,
 I'll be no more thy slave.

I'll rend thy image from my heart.
 Thy charms no more engage ;
 My soul shall take a juster part,
 And love—shall yield to rage.

S O N G

S O N G C L.

Sung by Miss SLACK.

THANK you ladies for your care,
 But I pray you both forbear,
 Sure I am all over scratches!
 That your curious hands must place,
 Such odd spots upon my face,
 With your pencils, paint and patches.

How I totter in my gait,
 From a dress of so much weight,
 With my robe too dangling after :
 Could my Colin now but see,
 What a thing they've made of me,
 Oh! he'd split his sides with laughter.

S O N G C L I.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

WHAT are outward forms and shews
 To an honest heart compar'd ;
 Oft the rustic, wanting those,
 Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the homely flow'r,
 Bearing at the hedge's side ;
 Virtues of more sov'ran pow'r,
 Than the garden's greatest pride.

S O N G

SONG CLII.

SUSAN'S *Complaint and Remedy.*

AS down in the meadows I chanced to pass,
 Oh! there I beheld a young beautiful lass,
 Her age I am sure it was scarcely fifteen,
 And she on her head wore a garland of green:
 Her lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes,
 They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies,
 And as for her voice it was charming and clear,
 And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

Why does my love Willy prove false and unkind?
 Ah! why does he change like the wavering wind,
 From one that is loyal in ev'ry degree?
 Ah! why does he change to another from me?
 Or does he take pleasure to torture me so?
 Or does he delight in my sad overthrow?
 Susannah will always prove true to her trust,
 'Tis pity lov'd Willy shou'd prove so unjust.

In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
 There did we pass the soft minutes away;
 Then was I kiss'd, and set down on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he.
 And as he went forth to harrow and plow,
 I milk'd him sweet fillabubs under my cow;
 O then I was kiss'd at I sat on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he.

But

But now he has left me! and Fanny the fair
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts and his care;
 He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,
 And says all the sweet things he once said to me:
 But if she believes him, the false-hearted swain
 Will leave her, and then she with me may com-
 plain:

For nought is more certain, believe silly Sue,
 Who once has been faithless can never be true.

She finish'd her song, and rose up to be gone,
 When over the meadow came jolly young John,
 Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
 And if she'd consent he'd make her his wife:
 She cou'd not refuse him, so to church they went;
 Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content.
 Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue,
 If men will be false, why shou'd women be true?

S O N G CLIII.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE.

THOU' thunder in thy accents roll,
 No fear shall shake my daring soul;
 O tyrant grumble, rant and rave,
 My spirit scorns to be thy slave.

But pity lends her soothing aid,
 Can I forsake my tender maid?
 O tyrant, vain is thy decree,
 Her mournful looks are death to me.

S O N G

S O N G CLIV.

The T R A I N B A N D S.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A Bout the warm season when farmers reap corn,
 A feather each citizen claps on his horn :
 With the thoughts of a muster his spirits abound,
 And without fear he steers to the Artillery Ground :
 There he sees all the regiment, the colonel and
 captain,

Red cloaths and big looks ingeniously wrapt in.
 Commanders with age bent, a very sad thing,
 Who stumble and hobble like pigs in a string ;
 And after an hour is wasted, or near,
 To know right from left, and the front from the
 rear ;

With abundance of bustle they're jumbled together,
 The cobbler and porter, the beau and his feather ;
 Some stagging with drink, and some hobbling
 with corns,

And scratching their heads as if groping for horns ;
 At length, the commander, for silence roars out,
 And then thus addresses the whimsical rout.

A I R.

Take notice of what you're about,
 All other thoughts despise ;
 A soldier never should be out,
 But know his exercise.

O

A

A man that would acquire fame,
Shou'd much in arms delight ;
To get an everlasting name,
He should shine forth in fight.

RECITATIVE

This said, then the drummers beat an alarm,
And throughout the field they cry arm—arm—arm!
Then in two parts divided, both father and brother,
To fight like true Englishmen, one against t'other;
Then, thus the command is, to rank and to file,
With looks so important, wou'd make a dog smile.

AIR.

Make ready my boys,
And well ram your powder ;
'Twill make the more noise,
And sound much the louder.

RECITATIVE.

The captain then holding his cane up on high,
Cries fire my lads, and let your wads fly ;
But pops down his noddle almost to the grass,
For fear that a bullet should fly in his face ;
Or lest the fierce flame that admits no restraining,
Should burn his fine wig, kept on purpose for
training :
Then their drums and their musquets at once
cease to rattle,
And thus is concluded the bloodless battle.
The fight being ended, the power is o'er,
And the chief now but counsels, who order'd before.

AIR.

AIR.

My lads you've done we'l,
 In fight you excel,
 And are heroes in wars and alarms;
 Pray, go home to your wives,
 Those who've not lost their lives,
 And revel and bask in their arms.

S O N G CLV.

SEARCH the world, 'tis love and beauty,
 Sways in general all mankind;
 And 'tis merely but a duty,
 By dame Nature's law we find.
 Still we roam in search of pleasure,
 Which by no criterions known;
 Each according to his leisure,
 Makes one particular his own.

Some love wealth, and some the bottle,
 Some to sigh at beauty's feet;
 Some to pore o'er Aristotle,
 Some to lie, and some to cheat:
 Some are struck with deep devotion,
 Heav'n alone their bosoms fill;
 Some the perils of the ocean,
 Some the mead and purling rill.

Some love peace, and some love fighting,
 And some the glories of the chace;
 I, in poetry delighting,
 Sing the charms of Delia's face.

Make me happy with that fair one,
 With a bottle and a friend ;
 The rest, who will, may have, I care none,
 Nor what more the fates intend.

S O N G C L V I.

ONE morn in May as Strephon rov'd,
 Contemplating on her he lov'd ;
 Sweet Virtue deck'd the prospect round,
 Each bird sent forth a pleasant sound ;
 While ev'ry gale from ev'ry bloom,
 Diffus'd a grateful fine perfume.

Ah ! what's this beauteous scene to me,
 Now sigh'd the youth ? in vain I see
 The May-blown bush, or flow'ry plain,
 Or hear the warblers tuneful strain ;
 My Delia absent, nought can please,
 Nought give my tortur'd bosom ease

Where strays my love, what happier swain
 Can Delia from my arms detain ?
 What artful youth, with tales of love,
 Now keeps thee from thy native grove ?
 Come ! come my fair one, come away,
 Nor kill me with thy longer stay.

A garland sweet I'd wove for you,
 With flowers of the sweetest hue ;

Yet

Yet, ah! how soon the flowers decay'd,
 Thy presence wanting lovely maid;
 So fade my hopes, thou fickle fair,
 For hope is conquer'd by despair.

As thus exclaim'd the jealous youth,
 The nymph with real love and truth,
 (Who heard behind a bush the while)
 Advancing, met him with a smile;
 Forgive, that thus your faith I try'd,
 I'm yours for ever, now, she cry'd.

The youth, surpriz'd, with joy elate,
 In raptures blest his happy fate;
 Next morn in hymeneal bands,
 United were their hearts and hands:
 Friendship and love their minds employ,
 And all the village rung with joy.

S O N G CLVII.

D A P H N E and A M I N T O R.

ONE morning last week, as I walk'd for the air,
 Cross the fields from my cottage, young
 Daphne the fair

Pass'd by me; I hasten'd up to her with speed,
 And told her I lov'd her, I lov'd her indeed.

Love me, child, says she! Lord, how idle you talk,
 Like one that wants sleep, pray continue your
 walk,

O 3

Nor

Nor hinder me thus ; for believe me, no heed,
Will I ever give to you, not I, fir, indeed.

Pray, where is your haste love, the day does but
dawn,

Come, take a step with me, just over the lawn ;
No longer be cruel, nor cause thus to bleed
A heart that you've wounded, that loves you indeed.

Why, hey-day ! Amintor, what nonsense is here,
I fancy young shepherd your head is not clear ;
Prithee, haste to your sheep, they of you have
great need,

For I never shall love you, not I, fir, indeed.

Well, since that you slight me, I'll e'en go my
way,

For I talk to the wind every word that I say ;
With you I see plain, I shall never succeed ;
So Daphne, adieu, tho' I love you indeed.

Amintor, have patience, for what I have spoke
Was not true all the while but a piece of a joke,
On purpose to try you ; yet since 'tis decreed,
That us two must be one, I do love you indeed.

S O N ^L CLVIII.

WAS Nanny but a rural maid,
And I her only swain,
To tend our flocks in rural mead,
And on the verdant plain ;

Oh

Oh how I'd pipe upon my reed,
 To please the lovely maid !
 Whilst from all sense of care w'are freed
 Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
 And rain seems in the sky ;
 Then to our oaken safe retreat
 We'd both together hie.

There repeat my vows of love,
 Unto the charming fair ;
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart shou'd prove
 Her love like mine, sincere.

When Phœbus bright sinks in the west
 And flocks are pent in fold,
 Beneath our oaken tree we'll rest,
 In joys not to be told.

Then when Aurora's beams set free
 The next enliv'ning day,
 We'll turn our flocks at liberty,
 Then down we'll sit and play.

S O N G CLIX.

The Flowers of the Forest.

A DIEU ye streams that smoothly glide
 Through mazy windings o'er the plain,
 I'll in some lonely cave reside,
 And ever mourn my faithful swain.

Flower

Flower of the forest was my love,
Soft as the sighing summer's gale;
Gentle and constant as the dove,
Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas ! by Tweed my love did stray,
For me he search'd the banks around ;
But ah ! the sad and fatal day,
My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.
Now droops the willow o'er the stream,
Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove,
Dire fancy paints him in my dream,
Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.

S O N G CLX.

The B R I T I S H F A I R.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Vauxhall.

PHOEBUS, meaner themes disdaining;
To the lyrist's call repair;
And the strings to rapture straining,
Come and praise the British Fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
Born to conquer and to spare;
Were not gallant, were not glorious,
Till commanded by the Fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
Which the sons of art prepare ;
Have no pleasure, life or spirit,
But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
But if you for truth declare ;
Worth and manhood are the fashion,
Favour'd by the British Fair.

S O N G CLXI.

B E T S Y.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON at Ranelagh.

AWAKE, thou blithesome God of day,
Invite each songster round ;
Let ev'ry heart be blithe and gay,
The world with mirth abound.
My Betfy's sweet, seraphic charms,
In raptures now I sing ;
Soon let her prison be my arms,
And I'll thy tribute bring.

Ye regents, who the realms above
With godlike sweetness guard,
Fair Betfy's heart invade with love,
Her faithful swain reward.
If not, avant, ye Gods divine,
Contented let me die ;
My Betfy's eyes much brighter shine
Than all your spangled sky.

No

No longer boast your lillies fair,
 Now russet seems your snow,
 With Betsy's skin their white compare,
 Where new born roses grow :
 Your sun that gilds the realms above,
 At distance heat must give,
 But Betsy's eyes will always prove
 How sweet it is to live.

S O N G CLXII.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
 May morning put its beauties on ;
 The warblers sung in liv'lier strain,
 And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain.
 When love, a soft intruding guest,
 That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
 Now whisper'd to the nymph, away !
 For this is nature's holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste ;
 The painted mead he instant pass'd,
 And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
 Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd :
 Awake, my fair ! the shepherd cries,
 To new-born pleasure ope thine eyes ;
 Arise, my Sylvia ! hail the May,
 For this is nature's holiday.

Forth came the maid, in beauty bright
 As Phœbus in meridian light ;

Entranc'd

Entranc'd in rapture, all confess'd,
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast;
 Then gazing, with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh;
 A melting sigh, and seem'd to say,
 Consider youth's our holiday.

Ah, soft, she said, for pity's sake,
 What kiss one ere I'm well awake?
 For this so early came you here?
 And hail you thus the rising year?
 Sweet innocence! forbear to chide,
 We'll haste to joy, the swain reply'd;
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be love's holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
 She look'd the things she dar'd not speak;
 Consent own'd nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand:
 His dancing heart in transports play'd,
 To church he led the blushing maid;
 Then blest'd the happy morn of May,
 And now their life's all holiday.

S O N G CLXIII.

THE sun was sleeping in the main,
 Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
 When Colin turn'd his team to rest,
 And sought the lass he lov'd the best;

As

As toward her cot he jog'd along,
 Her name was frequent in his song;
 But when his errand Dolly knew,
 She vow'd, she'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more
 Than any maid he'd seen before;
 In tender sighs protesting, he
 Would constant as the turtle be;
 Talk'd much of death, should she refuse,
 And us'd such arts as lovers use:
 'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true;
 But now, I've something else to do.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd,
 Forgive me, Doll, I did but jest;
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove,
 But trust me I'll ne'er die for love.
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn,
 Now Doll began to court in turn;
 Dear Colin, I was jesting too,
 Step in, I've nothing else to do.

S O N G CLXIV.

Sung by Miss BRENT.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
 Pageant of an idle hour;
 Born just to bloom and fade:
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,
 Is the pride of human wit,
 The shadow of a shade.

S O N G

SONG CLXV.

The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

A CANTATA.

Taken from a celebrated Print of the ingenious Mr.
HOGARTH.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, madame Grandfire's cook,
As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took,
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
Good father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd :
And as the solid fat his finger's press'd,
He lik'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd.

AIR.

(A lovely lass to a Friar came, &c.)

Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury save thee.

P

Renown'd

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft times decreed
 The theme of English ballad ;
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate :
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad !

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless pale and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(*Foot's Minuet.*)

Ah, sacre Dieu ! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ?
 Begar it is the roast beef from Londre ;
 Oh ! grant to me von letel bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECIT-

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd.

AIR.

(Ellen a Roon.)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy that so light is,
 To view thee by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah, hard-hearted Loui!
 Why did I come to you?
 The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me
 from starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawny fat,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;
 But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside:
 With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,
 Then scrub'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case:

A I R.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh ! Sawny, is thy lot,
Who was so blithe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great !

O the beef ! the bonny, bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown ;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down !

Ah, Charley ! hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
I would the de'el had pick'd my ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see ! my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite ;
Where smiling freedom guards great George's
throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known,
Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.
O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame;
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd "Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear;
The ox is Old England; the frog is monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the Sir Loin smoking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the hog in the fable.

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

SONG CLXVI.

The MASTER'S SONG.

THUS mighty eastern kings, and some
Of Abram's race, and monarchs good
Of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,
True architecture understood:

No wonder then if masons join,
To celebrate those mason kings,
With solemn note, and flowing wine,
Whilst every brother jointly sings:

C H O R U S.

Who can unfold the royal art,
Or sing its secrets in a song?
They're safely kept in mason's heart,
And to this ancient lodge belong.

S O N G CLXVII.

The FELLOW-CRAFT'S S O N G.

HAIL masonry, thou craft divine!
Glory of earth, from heav'n reveal'd;
Which dost with jewels precious shine,
From all but masons eyes conceal'd,
Thy praises due who can rehearse,
In nervous prose, or flowing verse?

As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
A mason other men excels;
For what's in knowledge choice and rare,
But in his breast securely dwells?
His silent breast and faithful heart,
Preserves the secrets of the art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
From beasts, whose roar the forest rends,
From the assaults of warriors bold,
The masons art mankind defends,
Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives such aid.

Ensigns

Ensigns of state that feed our pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain!
 By masons true are laid aside;
 Arts free-born sons such toys disdain,
 Ennobled by the name they bear,
 Distinguish'd by the badge they wear,

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
 Friendly converse of brotherhood,
 The lodge's lasting cement be!
 Which has for ages firmly stood.
 A lodge thus built for ages past,
 Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then in our songs be justice done,
 To those who have enrich'd the art,
 From ADAM to great LEVEN down,
 And let each brother bear a part,
 Let our Grand Master's health go round,
 His praise in every lodge resound.

SONG CLXVIII.

The Entered 'PRENTICE's SONG.

COME let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Assembled on merry occasion;
 Let's drink, laugh and sing;
 Our wine has a spring,
 Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The

The world's in pain
 Our secrets to gain,
 But still let them wonder and gaze on;
 They ne'er can divine
 The word or the sign
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men in the nation,
 Should aprons put on,
 To make themselves one,
 With a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords
 Have laid by their swords,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
 And ne'er been atham'd,
 To hear themselves nam'd,
 With a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side,
 Which maketh men just in their station;
 There's nought but what's good
 To be understood,
 By a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere,
 And just to the fair,
 Who will trust us on every occasion;
 No mortals can more
 The ladies adore,
 Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then

Then join hand in hand,
 To each other firm stand,
 Let's be merry, and put a bright face on ;
 What mortal can boast
 So noble a toast,
 As a free and an accepted mason.

[To all the worthy fraternity round the globe.]

S O N G CLXIX.

PRAY don't sleep or think,
 But give us some drink,
 For 'faith I'm most plaguily dry ;
 Wine cheers up the soul,
 Then fill up the bowl,
 For ere long you all know we must die.

Yesterday's gone,
 This day is our own,
 To-morrow we never may see ;
 Thought causes us smart,
 And eats up the heart,
 Then let's be jovial and free.

The world is a cheat,
 With a face counterfeit,
 And freedom and mirth discommends ;
 But here we may quaff,
 Speak our thoughts, sing, and laugh,
 For all here are matons and friends.

S O N G

S O N G C L X X .

O N, on, my dear brethren, pursue the great
 lecture,
 And refine on the rules of old architecture ;
 High honour to masons the craft daily brings,
 To those brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the
 stage,
 And reviv'd the old art of Augustus' fam'd age ;
 Vespasian destroy'd the vast temples in vain :
 Since so many now rise under great Leven's reign :

The noble five orders, compos'd with such art,
 Shall amaze the swift eye, and engage the whole
 heart ;
 Proportion, sweet harmony, gracing the whole,
 Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a soul.

'Then master, and brethren, preserve your great
 name ;
 This lodge so majestic, shall purchase you fame :
 Rever'd it shall stand till all nature expire,
 And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire,

See, see, behold here what rewards all our toil,
 Inspires our genius, and bids labour smile :
 'To our noble Grand Master let a bumper be
 crown'd,
 To all masons a bumper,—so let it go round.

Again,

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,
Our ancient firm union cement with a glass;
And all the contention 'mong masons shall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

S O N G · CLXXI.

BY masons art th'aspiring dome
In various columns shall arise;
All climates are their native home,
Their godlike actions reach the skies.

C H O R U S.

Heroes and kings revere their name,
Whilst poets sing their lasting fame.

Great, generous, virtuous, good, and brave,
Are titles they most justly claim;
Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
Which some unborn shall loud proclaim.

C H O R U S.

Time shall their glorious acts inrol,
And love with friendship charm the soul.

S O N G · CLXXII.

LET masonry be now my theme,
Throughout the globe to spread its fame,
And eternize each worthy brother's name:

Your

Your praise shall to the skies resound,
 In lasting happiness abound, crown'd.]
 And with sweet union all your noble deeds be

Sing then, my muse, to masons glory,
 Your names are so rever'd in story,
 That all the admiring world do now adore ye.

Let harmony divine inspire
 Your souls with love and gen'rous fire,
 To copy well wise Solomon, your fire:
 Knowledge sublime shall fill each heart,
 The rules of geometry t' impart;
 Whilst wisdom, strength and beauty crown the
 glorious art.

Let the great Leven's health go round;
 In swelling cups all care be drown'd,
 And hearts united 'mongst the craft be found;
 May everlasting scenes of joy
 His peaceful hours of bliss employ,
 Which time's all-conquering hand shall ne'er de-
 stroy.

My brethren thus all cares resign,
 Your hearts let glow with thoughts divine,
 And veneration show to Solomon's shrine:
 Our annual tribute thus we'll pay,
 That late posterity shall say;
 We've crown'd with joy this glorious, happy,
 happy day.

SONG

S O N G CLXXIII.

COME are you prepar'd
Your scaffolds well rear'd,
Bring mortar and temper it purely;
'Tis all safe I hope,
Well brac'd with each rope,
Your ledgers and putlocks securely.

Then next your bricks bring,
It is time to begin,
For the sun with its rays is adorning;
The day's fair and clear,
No rain you need fear,
'Tis a charming and lovely fine morning.

Pray where are your tools,
Your line and plum rules?
Each man to his work let him stand boys;
Work solid and sure,
Upright and secure;
And your building, be sure, will be strong, boys.

Pray make no mistake,
But true your joints break,
And take care you follow your leaders;
Work, rake, beck, and tueth,
And make your work smooth,
And be sure that you fill up your headers.

S O N G CLXXIV.

WHEN a lodge of free masons
Are cloath'd in their aprons,
In order to make a new brother,
With firm hearts and clean hands,
They repair to their stands,
And justly support one another.

Trusty brother, take care,
Of evesdroppers beware,
'Tis a just and a solemn occasion;
Give the word and the blow,
That workmen may know,
One asks to be made a free mason.

The master stands due
And his officers too,
While the craftsmen are plying their station:
The apprentices stand,
Right for the command
Of a free and an accepted mason.

Now traverse the ground,
As in duty you're bound,
And revere the authentic oration,
That leads to the way,
And proves the first ray
Of the light of an accepted mason.

Here's

Here's words and here's signs,
 Here's problems and lines,
 And here's room too for deep speculation ;
 Here virtue and truth
 Are taught to the youth,
 When first he's call'd up to a mason.

Hieroglyphics shine bright,
 And here light reverts light
 On the rules and the tools of vocation :
 We work and we sing,
 The craft and the king ;
 'Tis both duty and choice in a mason.

What is said or is done,
 Is here truly laid down,
 In this form of our high installation ;
 Yet I challenge all men
 To know what I mean,
 Unless he s an accepted mason.

The ladies claim right
 To come to our light,
 Since the apron they say is their bearing ;
 Can they subject their will,
 Can they keep their tongues still,
 And let talking be chang'd into hearing,

This difficult task
 Is the least we can ask,
 To secure us on sundry occasions ;
 When with this they comply,
 Our utmost we'll try
 To raise lodges for lady free masons.

Till this can be done,
Must each brother be mum,
Though the fair one should wheedle or tease on;
Be just, true, and kind,
But still bear in mind,
At all times you are a free mason.

S O N G CLXXV.

Guardian genius of our art divine,
Unto thy faithful sons appear:
Cease now o'er ruins of the east to pine,
And smile in blooming beauties here.

Egypt, Syria, and proud Babylon,
No more thy blissful presence claim:
In Britain fix thy ever-during throne,
Where myriads do confess thy name.

The sciences from eastern regions brought,
Which after shone in Greece and Rome,
Are here in hundreds stately lodges taught,
To which remotest brethren come.

Behold what strength our rising domes uprears,
Till mixing with the azure skies:
Behold what beauty through the whole appears;
So wisely built, they must surprise.

Nor

Nor are we only to these arts confin'd ;
 For we the paths of virtue trace :
 By us man's rugged nature is refin'd,
 And polish'd into love and peace.

S O N G CLXXVI.

'T IS masonry unites mankind,
 To generous actions forms the soul ;
 So strict in union we're conjoin'd,
 One spirit animates the whole,

C H O R U S.

Then let mankind our deeds approve,
 Since union, harmony and love
 Shall waft us to the realms above.

Where'er aspiring domes arise,
 Wherever sacred altars stand,
 Those altars blaze up to the skies,
 Those domes proclaim the mason's hand.

The stone unshap'd as lumber lies
 Till masons art its form refines ;
 So passions do our souls disguise,
 Till social virtue calms our minds.

Let wretches at our manhood rail :
 But those who once our judgment prove,
 Will own that we who build so well,
 With equal energy can love.

Though still our chief concern and care,
Be to deserve a brother's name ;
For ever mindful of the fair,
Their choicest favours still we claim.

From us pale discord long has fled,
With all her train of mortal spite;
Ner in our lodge dares shew her head,
Sunk in the gloom of endless night.

My brethren charge your glasses high,
To our grand master's noble name ;
Our shouts shall beat the vaulted sky,
And ev'ry tongue his praise proclaim.

S O N G CLXXVII.

TO all who masonry despise,
This council I bestow ;
Don't ridicule, if you are wise,
A secret you don't know.
Yourselfes you banter, and not it ;
You shew your spleen, but not your wit,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

If union and sincerity
Have a pretence to please,
We brothers of the masonry,
Lay justly claim to these.
To state disputes we ne'er give birth ;
Our motto friendship is, and mirth.
With a fa, la, &c.

Inspiring

Inspiring virtue by our rules,
 And in ourselves secure,
 We have compassion on these fools
 Who think our acts impure :
 From ignorance we know proceeds
 Such mean opinion of our deeds.
 With a fa, la, &c.

Then let us laugh, since we've impos'd
 On those who make a pother;
 Who cry the secret is disclos'd
 By some false hearted brother;
 The mighty secret gain'd, they boast,
 From post boy, or from flying post.
 With a fa, la, &c,

S O N G CLXXVIII.

YE brethren of the ancient craft,
 Ye fav'rite sons of fame,
 Let bumpers chearfully be quaff'd
 To great Lord Leven's name.
 Happy, long happy may he be
 Who loves and honours masonry.
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In vain would D'Anvers with his wit
 Our slow resentment raise;
 What he and all mankind have writ,
 But celebrates our praise.
 His wit this only truth imparts,
 That masons have firm faithful hearts.
 With, &c.

Ye

Ye British fair for beauty fam'd,
 Your slaves we wish to be :
 Let none for charms like yours be nam'd
 That love not masonry.
 This maxim D'Anvers proves full well,
 That masons never kifs and tell.
 With, &c.

True masons no offences give ;
 Let fame your worth declare :
 Within your compass wisely live,
 And act upon the square.
 May peace and friendship e'er abound,
 And great Lord Leven's health go round.
 With, &c.

S O N G CLXXIX.

WHAT tho' they call us masons fools?
 We prove by geometry our rules,
 Surpass the art they teach in schools :
 They charge us falsely then.
 We make it plainly to appear,
 By our behaviour ev'ry where,
 That when you meet with masons there,
 You meet with gentlemen.

'Tis true, we once have charged been
 With disobedience to our queen ;
 But after-monarchs plain have seen
 The secrets she had sought.

We

We hatch no plots against the state,
Nor 'gainst great men in power prate;
But all that's noble, good, and great,
Is daily by us taught.

Those noble structures which we see
Rais'd by our fam'd society,
Surprise the world: then shall not we
Give praise to masonry?
Let those who do despise the art,
Live in a cave or some desert,
To herd with beasts, from men apart,
For their stupidity.

But view those savage nations where
No masonry did e'er appear;
What strange unpolish'd brutes they are,
Then think on masonry:
It makes us courteous, easy, free,
Gen'rous, and hono'ably gay.
What other art the like can say?
Then here's to masonry.

S O N G CLXXX.

COME lend us your ears, loving brethren, a
while,
Quite sober my senses, though joking my file:
PlI sing you such wonders, unknown to all those
That ever flutter'd in verse, or hobbl'd in prose.
Derry down, down,
down, derry down.

When

We

When all in confusion the Chaos yet lay,
 Ere ev'ning and morning had made the first day,
 The uniform'd materials lay jumbled together,
 Like so many Dutchmen in thick foggy weather.
 Derry down, &c.

When to this confusion no end soon appear'd,
 The sov'reign Grand Master's word sudden was
 heard:

'Then teen'd mother Chaos with maternal throes!
 And so the grand lodge of this world arose.
 Derry down, &c,

Then heaven and earth with jubile rung,
 And all the creation of masonry sung;
 But lo! to adorn and complete the gay ball,
 Old Adam was made the grand master of all.
 Derry down, &c.

But Satan met Eve, as she was a gadding,
 Which set her, and since all her daughters, a mad-
 ding;

To find out the secrets of free masonry,
 She did eat the fruit of the forbidden tree.
 Derry down, &c.

Her head being fill'd with many strange fancies,
 As all the young girls who deal in romances;
 And being with knowledge sufficiently cramm'd,
 She said to her husband, *Take, eat, and be damn'd.*
 Derry down, &c.

How Adam look'd on her, as one struck with thunder!

He view'd her from head to foot over with wonder!

Then since you have done this thing, madam,
said he,

For your sake, no men free masons shall be.
Derry down, &c.

And as she bewail'd in sorrowful ditty,
The good man beheld, and on her took pity,
Free masons are tender; so he to the dame
Bestow'd his white apron to cover her shame.
Derry down, &c.

Then they did solace themselves in mutual joys,
Till in process of time they had two chopping boys;
The priest of the parish, as gossip devis'd,
By name Cain and Abel, the youths canoniz'd,
Derry down, &c.

Next old father Seth he mounted the stage,
In manners severe, tho' in masonry sage;
He built up two pillars full strong and full thick;
The one was of stone, and the other of brick.
Derry down, &c.

But, in a short time, men became past all enduring,
There was nothing but swearing, and drinking,
and whoring;
Till Jove being wroth, rose up in his anger,
And swore he would suffer such miscreants no longer.
Derry down, &c. He

From the high windows of heaven did pour,
 Forty days, forty nights, one continu'd shower;
 Till nothing was seen but waters all round;
 And in this great deluge most mortals were
 drown'd

Derry down, &c.

Sure ne'er was beheld so dreadful a sight,
 As to see the old world in this very sad plight;
 For here in the waters all animals swimming,
 Men, monies, priests, lawyers, cats, lap-dogs,
 and women.

Derry down, &c.

Here floated a debtor away from his duns,
 There swam father Graybeard stark naked 'mong
 nuns;

And here a poor husband, quite careless of life,
 Contented in drowning to get rid of his wife

Derry down, &c.

A king and a cobbler here mingled in view,
 Of rakes and young spendthrifts there were not a
 few;

A whale and a Dutchman came down with the
 tide;

And a rev'rend old bishop by a young wench's
 side.

Derry down, &c.

But Noah was wisest; for Noah judg'd right,
 He built up an ark so strong and so tight,

For

Forthough heav'n & earth seem'd coming together,
He kept safe in his lodge, and stood buff to the
weather.

Derry down, &c.

Then, after the good, like a brother so true,
Who still had the good of the craft in his view,
He delv'd the ground, and he planted the vine;
He founded a lodge, ay, and gave his lodge wine.

Derry down, &c.

Let statesmen tofs, tumble, and jumble the ball,
We'll sit here in our lodge, and laugh at them all;
Let bishops wear lawn-sleeves, and kings have their
ointment,

Free masonry sure was by heav'n's appointment.

Derry down, &c.

Then charge my dear brethren, to Leven's great
name,

Our noble grand master for virtue so fam'd,
That the craft may still flourish, and in all quar-
ters spring,

While we in full chorus do joyfully sing,

Derry down, &c.

S O N G CLXXXI.

THE eastern sky was purpled o'er,
The lark, high pois'd in air
Pour'd forth her soft enchanting song,
The morn was fresh and fair;

R

When

When Colin to the mead convey'd,
 His gentle fleecy charge.
 Then to the lovely Delia's praise,
 Tun'd forth the song at large.

My Delia is as Venus fair,
 As Hebe young and gay,
 Would she but deign my flocks to share,
 I'd praise her all the day:
 From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
 The woods, the groves should ring;
 Would she to Colin give her hand,
 E'en winter would seem spring.

She looks on a shepherd as mean,
 Yet knows not the cares of the great;
 A shepherdess is like a queen,
 But knows never envy nor hate:
 Her flocks are her subjects around,
 Her crook is her sceptre confess,
 Content is her glittering crown,
 And simplicity makes up the rest.

Come then, my sweet maid, to the plain,
 O come, let ambition subside,
 Thro' pleasures smooth course you shall go,
 And Colin shall still be your guide:
 The meads are enamel'd with flow'rs,
 And seem thy fair hand to invite;
 O fly then, my fair, to the grove,
 And feast every sense with delight.

But
 Me
 Old

S O N G CLXXXII.

The F O U R N A T I O N S.

Tune, the Attic Fire.

IN vain do Poets strive to sing,
 The Hero, Patriot, and King,
 That bless Great Britain's isle;
 The task's too great for any one
 Except a Homer, or Milton,
 They want both words and stile.

Hark ! how the drums and trumpets sound,
 While Englishmen are bravely crown'd
 With laurels every where ;
 While meagre frighted Frenchmen run,
 From thund'ring roaring English gun,
 To shun death and despair.

See crowds of volunteers each day,
 Who sing to Granby haste away,
 Our honours to maintain ;
 Convince monsieurs that we are free,
 In Church, in State, and Liberty,
 Lords of the land and main.

But who comes here, that wears the leek,
 Methink a Welchman, let hur speak :
 Old Britain, what do ye say.

Tune, The House of my Father.

Why, hur name it is Taffy, and look ye here now,
 Hur has left hur own wife, hur son, and hur cow;
 And hur wish hur may never go home to hur house,
 But will make the French dogs flit so small as a
 mouse:

Yes, Taffy will fight, cot splutter hur nails,
 For hur king and hur country, and hur own Prince
 of Wales,
 And Sawney will help hur whose heart will not fail,
 To fight with brade sword so long as a flail.

A Welchman will ne'er stay at home at her ease,
 While Frenchmen do rop hur of hur bread and
 sheefe,
 For Shenkin ap Morgan, and David ap Jones,
 Were never yet fearful of breaking their bones.

Tune, Over the Hills and far away.

Broothers what are ye aboot,
 What the de'el makes all this rout
 O'er the seas, and o'er lands,
 Chear up, my lads, give me your hands.

In me you sal a broother find,
 De'el damn me e'er I lag behind,
 My broad sword shall give them la',
 Over the hills and far awa'.

When we meet Frenchmen face to face,
 Tha' run awa', we give them chase,

Who

Who pursue, them like the lads,
That wear the bonnets, swords, and plaids ;

Full or empty, drunk or dry,
In vallies low, or mountains high,
In summer's heat, in frost and ina',
We alwa's gar them run awa'.

Then gi'es a cogue, and let's all sing,
Our foldiers, sailors, and our king,
And Teague bears a chorus, who never did fail
To fight for old Ireland, sing grand new wale,

To its own Tune.

King George wears my harp and crown on his shield,
I'm the first in the battle, and last in the field ;
And Frenchmen swear nothing can fright a brigade,
So much as the face of a true honest Teague.

I value no Sackville, no shitfack, or louse,
Who strove to break open my mother's old house ;
For Minden has prov'd him a rogue to his face,
Makaak Mall a Mallak is now in disgrace.

Then searh all Europe from end to end,
There's none more faithful to king and to friend
Than honest poor Teague, who ne'er will betray
His king and his country, by night or by day.

Then take a good drink, and join all four,
We'll beat all the French were they ten times more,
And make them cry morblieu to their shame,
Or fella la le lew, and that's all the same.

SONG CLXXXIII.

The Adventures of the BOOT.

A Boot came from Scotland of mickle renown,
And determin'd to travel to fair London town,
But to come empty handed it wisely did chuse,
That it much might take back, or little might lose.

With the length of the way, and the dust of the road,
It sweated, it panted, it puff'd, and it blow'd;
Till with sweating, and panting, and puffing,
and swelling,
It grew much too big for a moderate dwelling.

An accident happen'd uncommonly droll,
In attempting to clime up, it fell in a hole ;
But still more amazing you'll find it, and funny,
When you're told in this hole it found store of
money.

Then it study'd its book, and succeeded so well,
That it learn'd these four letters, E—A—R and L.
And if stories again the flat truth do not jar,
It stole a blue ribband, and found a bright star.

But growing quite heedless, and vain of its wit,
It fell most unluckily into a Pitt ;
And tho' it got out, yet its fame bore a slur,
For in leaping the Pitt, it alas ! lost its spur.

This

This spur had long terrify'd all it came near,
And made English horses bear burdens thro' fear ;
But now it is lost, as a pike-staff, it's plain,
The Boot they'll despise, and their freedom regain.

S O N G CLXXXIV.

On the Death of the facetious Mr. HARRY HOWARD.

YE bucks and ye gemmies, so prim and so neat,
Who ruffle & smuggle each girl that you meet,
Leave fooling a while, if the task's not too hard,
And mourn the decease of a humorous bard.

I mean Harry Howard, that good jovial soul,
Who made us all merry o'er bottle and bowl ;
But alas ! cruel death, who spares none upon earth,
Has seiz'd on his songs, and arrested his mirth.

Ye Nine, whose harmonious vo'try he liv'd,
With tears wet his grave, and shew yourselves
griev'd,
Sing an elegy round it, and cyprus bestrew,
His head crown with lawrel and funeral yeugh.

S O N G CLXXXV.

The MIGHTY TOPER.

IF the ocean was claret,
And rivers champaigne,
We Topers wou'd drink them,
And thoroughly drain

All

All lands we'd unite
By guzzling the sea ;
Ships, bridges, and boats
Then useless wou'd be.

To Holland and Germany,
Flanders, and France,
We'll trip over dry shod,
And back again dance.

When seas, rivers, ponds
We had fairly drank up,
We'd pray to the Gods
To replenish the cup,

In hail to send claret,
And Lisbon in rain.
In dew-drops Madeira,
In snow light Champaigne.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

COME each jolly soul
Who loves a full bowl,
And to revel and roar time away ?
With good liquor in view,
Old care we'll pursue,
And always be happy and gay.

Let each dull priggish parson
Still carry the farce on
And preach up that drinking's a sin !
Let

Let him stick to his text,
I shall not be vexed,
But heed not his prating a pin.

Let the doctor look big,
With his Dalmahoy wig,
Of temperance talk very grave ;
Each pill and each sloop,
He may keep in his shop,
For none of his potions I'll have.

Let the grave plotting cit,
Who hates wine and wit,
Mind his counter or business at home ;
To the hogshhead or tun,
Alternate we'll run,
Like Topers we'll ramble and roam.

Let patriots prate,
How they help the state,
Look wond'rous formal and wise ;
By the power of drinking,
Without any thinking,
We do more, for we help the excise.

S O N G CLXXXVII.

CORINNA was lovely, was witty, and young,
And all o'er the town had her praises been sung ;
The beaux and the fops, paid their court to her eyes,
And the belles, tho' her rivals, beheld with surprise ;
Yet

Yet, to all who in praising her charms did excel,
Her answer was only, indeed ! very well.

Lyfander amidst her admirers prest,
And the true flame of love found to glow in his
breast ;

With awe he approach'd, and with modesty spoke,
Yet his passion she treated as only a joke ;
Tho' the pangs he endur'd, no tongue could e'er tell,
Yet her answer was only, indeed ! very well.

Denials provok'd him to try other ways,
Nor barely to kneel and to utter her praise !
He boldly embrac'd the bright nymph in his arms,
And kiss'd her, and feasted himself with her charms ;
She thought of her lovers, he all did excel,
But answer'd Lyfander, as yet, very well.

The business thus far, made the hero more bold,
And soon she consented to have and to hold ;
At Hymen's soft shrine he receiv'd her fair hand,
Attended by Cupids, a choice little band ;
To her intimates only, she's dar'd since to tell,
That Lyfander has pleas'd her, indeed, very well.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

The SIMILE LOVER.

OH ! curse this cruel love,
It makes me like a sot,
And her I call my dove,
Is like—I don't know what

She's

She's artful as a fox,
And like a jackall fly,
She's heavy as an ox,
And chatters like a pye.

Bright as the sun at noon,
Her lovely nose does shine;
Her eyes dull as the moon,
Her mouth as wide as mine.

Her teeth as jet are black,
Her lips as milk are white,
Like a camel in the back,
A wond'rous lovely fight.

Her hair for horse-hair passes,
Her skin is like a nut,
Her ears are long as asses,
Her hands are black as foot,

Her mother was a cinder wench,
Her father was a weaver;
She's charming as a phyfic drench,
I love her like a fever.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

O H! charming maid, my words believe,
I ne'er could love before,
My vows, my sighs, my tears receive,
My heart is mine no more.

O could

O could you love, would you but give
 Some hope to ease my pain,
 I should in transport ever live,
 To love you not in vain.

My faith shall ever prove me true,
 And true to only thee ;
 That kindness I to thee would shew,
 That kindness shew to me.
 Prosperity ne'er will make me vain,
 Your scorn would soon destroy ;
 Oh, quick then, rid me of my pain,
 And let me live to joy.

S O N G CXC.

HUMAN BONDAGE.

SAY not mankind is free from slav'ry,
 Bondage holds the human mind,
 The poor in rags, the rich in brav'ry,
 Are alike by taste confin'd.

To ev'ry winding gust of passion,
 By our weakness still betray'd ;
 Whim, caprice, and inclination,
 Are by turns our conq'rors made.

Love triumphant reigns despotic,
 Oh how hard to break its chain ;
 Anger brutal, fierce, and Gothic,
 Stern, revenge, and proud disdain.

Lust,

Lust, like a tempest, o'erthrows reason,
 Disregarding sighs or tears ;
 Ambition led by blood and treason,
 Dreads no sufferings, knows no fears.

In tumultous strife abiding,
 Lives the vassals human frame ;
 Passion but with death abiding,
 Give oblivion, or give fame.

S O N G CXCI.

NO scornful beauty e'er shall boast
 They made me love in vain,
 That man's a fool if once he's crost,
 If e'er he loves again :
 To whine or pine, I never can,
 To tell her I shall die ;
 'Tis something so beneath a man
 To do it, no, not I.

Tho' Phillis you have charms enough,
 To conquer where you please,
 I care not if my heart you bow,
 To such fond love as this :
 That if to me some hope you'll shew,
 That I may happy be,
 I'll love you, Phillis, whilst I live,
 And think of none but thee.

The soberest that won't get drunk,
 Shall be excluded hence,
 For he's no company for us
 Who'll neither drink nor wench:
 My jovial lads, fill up the glafs,
 I'll pledge it tho' I die;
 I hate that thing call'd temperance,
 'Tis meer hypocrisy.

S O N G CXCII.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

AS on a flow'ry bank young Thirsis lay;
 Thirsis the young, the airy, and the gay,
 Who lov'd fair Phœbe with a constant heart,
 Devoid of flattery, and devoid of art:
 By love inspir'd, he thus unloos'd his tongue,
 And to the Cyprian deity he sung.

A I R.

Goddeſs of the Cyprian grove.
 Queen of beauty, queen of love;
 To thy ſhrine behold I bend,
 Be a faithful lover's friend:
 Phœbe's charms my heart detains
 In love's ſoft and ſilken chains;

Hear

Hear my vows, and ease my care,
Make her kind as she is fair;
Let her love's soft passion prove,
And return me love for love.

RECITATIVE.

Cupid unseen, was fluttering in the air,
Sent by his master to relieve his care,
In softest accents sooth'd his amorous pain,
And thus he sung to ease the love sick swain.

AIR.

Thirsts hence, and ease thy care,
To yon shady grove repair;
There fair Phœbe lies reclin'd,
And thinks your absence is unkind.

Tho' she frown when you draw nigh,
And perhaps prepare to fly;
Boldly catch her in your arms,
Praise her neck, her breast, and arms.

Flattery is the only art
To attain the fair one's heart;
And from this advice you'll find,
Praise her charms, you win her mind.

S O N G CXIII.

RING the bell, and fill the bowl,
Wine inspires the jovial song;
Care shall never dare controul,
While liquor can our mirth prolong.

Come, ye youths, who sigh and pine
For some silly fickle fair,
Come, and drown in sparkling wine,
All your folly, all your care.

Ye wretches on whom Fortune frowns,
Whom duns and creditors beset,
Good store of wine will troubles drown,
Come drink yourselves quite out of debt.

Ye husbands who have scolding wives,
Come here, and leave the threws at home ;
With Comus lead more happy lives,
Come, haste away, O ! prithee, come.

S O N G CXCIV.

TO love and be lov'd, how transporting the
bliss,
To give, and receive, the soft conjugal kiss ;
To see a young race of sweet prattlers around,
Is a pleasure superior to all can be found.

Let libertines rail at the joys they ne'er know,
Such joys as from rambling can sure never flow ;
A bottle and Thais may please for a night,
But wedlock affords never fading delight.

Tho' censure may seem to have room for its rage,
In this money-job, scandalous, match-making age ;
When parents and guardians their children dispose,
As chapmen at Smithfield by horses and cows.

Yet

Yet calmly consider true love as the source,
 And wedlock will surely be happy of course ;
 Yet a competent fortune will certainly please,
 For life is scarce life unless pass'd thro' with ease.

'Tis prudent, I own, ere you marry, to see
 If your means will support a wife easy and free ;
 For cavils in wedlock will rise to be sure,
 When industry can't keep the wolf from the door.

But when Fortune and love both together combine,
 And beauty and sense too as mutually join ;
 Let them rail on who will, I am certain of this,
 That wedlock so plann'd, is the height of all bliss.

S O N G CXCIV.

QUOTH Strephon to Flora, your charms I
 adore,

You're witty, you're pretty, you're pleasing all o'er,
 Your lips are like rubies, your cheeks like the rose,
 And your breath far more sweet than Arabia blows :
 Yet tho' charming alas! your delight is to tease,
 Yet all she reply'd, was, Sir, just as you please.

Oh ! think, he return'd, of the pains I endure,
 And as you're the cause, O extend me the cure ;
 My passion's so strong, that my rest I forsake,
 And a paleness o'erspreads now my once rosy cheek :
 No longer be coy then, but give me some ease,
 Yet she careless reply'd still, Sir, just as you please.

Enrag'd that she paid him no greater regard,
 When his passion he knew was deserving reward;
 He boldly advancing, saluted the fair,
 And vow'd that such treatment no longer he'd bear.
 No longer declar'd he would sue on his knees,
 Yet the careless reply'd still, Sir, just as you please.

Then seizing her hand, he straight led her along,
 While she careless ne'er said he was right or was
 wrong:

He took her to church, and there made her his wife,
 And vow'd he would love her as long as he'd life:
 No longer she thinks that his passion can teize,
 Tho' she answers him still, Sir, 'tis just as you
 please.

S O N G CXCVI.

AS t' other day young Damon past,
 Where Chloe sat demure,
 He doft his hat, and sigh'd and gaz'd,
 'Twas love that struck him sure.
 With reverence then approach'd the fair,
 Which she seem'd very shy at;
 And when he prais'd her shape and air,
 Cry'd, prithee, Sir, be quiet.

My fair, he cry'd, O be not coy,
 Nor think my meaning rude;
 Let love like mine, thy mind employ,
 True love can ne'er intrude.

Her

Her hand he then essay'd to kiss,
Which, frowning, she cry'd fye at ;
And when he straggled for the bliss,
She said, I pray be quiet !

Then kneeling at her feet he swore,
Without her he should die,
That ne'er man lov'd a woman more,
Then heav'd a melting sigh !
Cupid unseen now touch'd her breast,
And there stirr'd up a riot,
Much soften'd, yet she still exprest,
O! puithee, Sir, be quiet.

The youth perceiv'd her alter'd tone,
And boldly ask'd her hand,
Soon Hymen made them both as one,
United hand in hand:
The case too soon is al d quite,
A scene you'll all cry fye at ;
She prates away from morn to night,
While he cries, pray be quiet.

S O N G CXC VII.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

BENEATH a beech's spreading shade,
The youthful Celadon was laid,
His pipe lay careless by his side,
His flock had wander'd far and wide ;

With

With fault'ring voice and languid eyes,
And hands uplifted to the skies,
He sung—the groves around
Return'd the soul-dissolving sound.

AIR.

Ye pow'rs who rule this earthly ball,
Who hear us whensoever we call,
Attend my prayer, my grief remove,
Or haughty Delia touch with love:
Let her heart
But feel love's smart,
Forlorn like me, in some lonely grove.

Let tears swell her eyes,
Let her bosom heave sighs!
Let her heart break with pain,
'Till like me she complain,
And like me, unrelented, she dies.

RECITATIVE.

By chance the nymph to seek a favourite lamb,
Which stray'd that very morning from its dam,
Behind the shady tree arriv'd, and heard
'The very prayer that he to heav'n prefer'd;
Fear shook her mind, and pity touch'd her breast,
And thus her love to Celadon express'd.



AIR.

AIR.

Cease, fond shepherd, thy upbraiding,
 Call thy rash petition back,
 Pity now, my breast invading,
 Forbids to keep thee on the rack.

Love can ne'er be won by railing,
 But by kindness is begot ;
 Here let's cancel each past failing,
 All my folly be forgot.

Take my hand, a slave to Hymen,
 I resign me to thy arms ;
 Prudes, avant ! I think no crime in,
 To such love to yield my charms.

S O N G CXC VIII.

DORINDA was youthful, and blooming as May,
 Would dance, and would sing, and would
 frolic, and play ;
 Yet some how or other, it came so to pass,
 In secret she often was heard cry alas !

Her companions in vain did the meaning explore,
 She promis'd, indeed, she would do so no more ;
 Yet her promise was frail, and as brittle as glass,
 For immediately after she cry'd out alas !

In

In secret to sigh! as old gossips declare,
 Is an evident sign of some terrible care;
 And in time will destroy, e'en a form strong as
 brass,
 Yet Dorinda continu'd to sigh out alas!

Her friends and acquaintance convey'd the news
 round,
 That Dorinda was sick, but of what was not found;
 That certainly flesh was no more than the grass,
 And Dorinda would certainly die of alas!

Young Damon, a shepherd, that liv'd in the place,
 Who by accident heard of her terrible case:
 Determin'd to try if it might come to pass,
 And ventur'd himself for the cure of alas!

He kiss'd her, he press'd her, he vow'd and he
 sigh'd.
 And shortly prevail'd on her to be his bride:
 'This circumstance only has alter'd the case,
 And Dorinda is cur'd from sighing alas!

S O N G CXCIX.

WHEN Spring, blooming Spring first appears,
 Each bosom beats quick with delight;
 The birds sweetly sing to our ears,
 And flowers spring up to the sight:

But

But soon the gay goddess declines,
Her roses and lilies decay;
With heat more intense Summer shines,
And the thirsty swain pants thro' the day.

Ripe Autumn comes next to to the view,
How pleasing Pomona's bright train;
Surly Winter does Autumn pursue,
And glittering frost decks the plain:
How like to our life is earth drest!
Youth and Man, Spring and Summer appears;
By Autumn our prime is express'd,
By Winter old age and grey hairs,

S O N G C C.

HOW happy was I e'er Chloe I beheld,
My cot with contentment was blest;
I blithsome each morning trip'd over the field,
And as careless at night went to rest.

But ah! how I'm chang'd since that luckless day,
When Chloë appear'd on the plain;
No more I'm blithsome, no more I am gay,
And my heart swells with anguish and pain.

My sheep go neglected all careless around,
My pipe is thrown useless aside;
My pipe that was us'd o'er the plains to resound,
And once was my pleasure and pride.

Her

Her looks were so sweet, and so easy and free,
Each shepherd beheld with surprize;
Yet more than the rest, she captivates me,
And pierces my soul with her eyes.

Yet why should I wander forlorn and despair?
Why sigh! and alone thus complain?
The woods and the groves but increase my fond care,
And return my complaint back again.

I'll haste to the nymph, and my passion unfold,
Perhaps she will kindly attend;
If she does, I am richer than Cræsus of old,
Oh! Venus, be this time my friend!

S O N G CCI.

By Mr. CHURCHILL.

A Jolly brisk tar, but a little time since,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a prince,
Fell foul of an ale-house, and thinking it sin
To pass without calling, reel'd jovially in.
Derry down, &c.

Scarce seated was he when the landlord past by,
With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's eye;
By the main-mast, a sail, boys, then he leapt from
his place,
And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for chace,
Derry down, &c.

Now

Now it happen'd together some Frenchmen were
met,

Resolving soup meagre and frogs to forget,
Convinc'd of their error, commanded this feast,
To be dress'd and serv'd up in the old English taste.
Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,
And makes the room ring with three British cheers ;
Then he sets himself down without further debate,
And claps an old quid in his next neighbours plate.
Derry down, &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmen's surprize,
When they shrugg'd up their shoulders, and turn'd
up their eyes ;
From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem,
All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.
Derry down, &c.

One more bold than the rest, by his brethren's
advice,
Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice ;
Jack cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,
Cry'd, down with your arms, or I'll soon sweep
the deck.
Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from a far,
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the arms of the tar ;
T I have

I have him, says he ; but he cou'd say no more,
E'er he found his dull pate where his heels stood
before.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus sprawling, the Frenchmen unite,
Each takes up his knife and prepares for the fight ;
Of quarters, cries Jack, I wou'd not have you think,
Strike, strike, you frog-eaters, strike, strike, or
you sink.

Derry down, &c.

So saying, he handled his trusty oak stick,
And pour'd in his broad-side so stout and so thick ;
So well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Were decently laid with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest all dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,
For fear that Jack's stick should light on their pate,
Acknowledg'd him victor, and lord of the main,
Withal humbly intreating to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

Three cheers then he gave, but insisted that they,
For the beef, for the pudding, and porter should pay,
It was agreed ; so the sailor reel'd off with his wench,
And sung as he reel'd, down, down with the French.

Derry down, &c.

SONG

S O N G C C II.

HARK! hark! jolly sportsman, a while to my tale,
 To pay your attention, I'm sure it can't fail;
 'Tis of lads and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,
 O'er hedges and ditches, thro' bog, dale and bri'r;
 A pack of such hounds and a set of such men,
 'Tis a shrew'd chance if ever you meet with again:
 Had Nimrod, the might'est of hunters been there,
 'Fore Gad he'd have shook like an aspen for fear.

In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
 The fifth of December, I think t'was no more;
 At six in the morning, by most of the clocks,
 We rode from Kilrudrie in the search of a fox;
 The Laughlin's town landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
 And Johnny Adair sure was with us that day;
 With Dabble Hall Preston, that sportsman so stout
 Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
 When Wanton set up a most funical roar:
 Hark! to Wanton cries Jo, and the rest were not
 slack,

For Wanton's no trifle esteem'd in the pack:
 Old Bonny and Collier hark'd readily in,
 And every hound made a most musical din:
 Had Diana been there, she'd been pleas'd to the life,
 And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past eight was the time of the day,
When Reynard unkennel'd, and thine as his play;
As strong from Killeager, as tho' he'd fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan:
To Carrick Mines thence, and Cherrywood then,
Steep Thankan he clim'd, and to Ballyman Glin;
Bray Common he pass'd, leapt Lord Anglesey's
wall,
And seem'd to say, little I value you all.

He ran bushes, groves up to Carbury Burns,
Tho' Dabble and Preston kept leading by turns:
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, he chose to keep out.
To Malpas high hills t'was away then he flew,
And at Daulky's Stone Common we have him in
view:

We drove on thro' Bullock to Shrubglanageary,
So on to Mountbown, where Larry grew weary.

Thro' Prochistown next like an arrow he pass'd,
And came to the steep hills of Daulky at last;
Then gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, sure none dare follow me:
But soon to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds
Could stop the pursuit of such staunch-mettled
hounds:

His policy here did not save him one rush,
Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
But e'er he could reach the top of the cliff,

He

He found both of speed and cunning a lack,
 Being way-laid and kill'd by the rest of the pack :
 At the death there was present the lads I have sung,
 Save Larry, who riding a Garran, was flung;
 Thus ended at length a most delicate chace,
 That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We returned to Kilrudrie's plentiful board,
 Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my Lord ;
 We talk'd o'er the chace, and we tosted the health,
 Of the man who ne'er parried for places or wealth,
 Owen Bray baulk'd a leap ; says Hall Preston, it's
 odd,

T'was shameful, cries Jack, by the great living
 G—:

I hallo'd, says Preston, get on the yew fall,
 Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
 For party affairs we consign'd to the court :
 Thus we finish'd the rest of the day in the night,
 In gay flowing bumpers and social delight ;
 Then till the next meeting, bid farewell each
 brother,

For some they went one way, and some went the
 other :

And as Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
 So Luna took care in conducting us home.

S O N G CCIII.

Upon the INSTITUTION of the
P I N E R I A N S O C I E T Y.

Anno 1201.

By S. W.

IF the annals we read in the days of king John,
'Bout the year of our æra, twelve hundred and
one,

We shall find that weak prince was about to invade
The rights of his people, their commerce and trade.

Derry down, &c.

His subjects perceiving what must be their fate,
If not timely prevented before 'twas too late;
Resolv'd, like true Britons, not tamely to yield,
So the commons unite, and the lords take the field.

Derry down, &c.

All ranks and all stations concern'd in the cause,
Resolving to stand by their rights and their laws;
Tradesmen now fraternity first did begin,
And ev'ry good member was named a P I N.

Derry down, &c.

Now

Now chapters they had, and good orders they
made,

In which was consulted the good of the trade ;
With a firm resolution to stand by each other,
Which still is the business of ev'ry true brother.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' the time is long since, yet all of us know
What benefit from this firm union did flow ;
For the king was oblig'd to grant them soon after,
That blessing of England, our great Magna Charta.
Derry down, &c.

Since now you've heard from what laudable cause,
The term of PINERIAN, so antient arose ;
Then let us, who zealously keep up that name,
Be emulous of their good purpose and fame.
Derry down, &c.

Since our institution enjoins the same ends,
To confirm us as brothers, and make us all friends ;
With a true honest zeal let us act our part,
And stand by each other with hand and with heart.
Derry down, &c.

Let us no contention nor envying know,
But mirth and good humour continually flow ;
Then all social happiness here will be fix'd,
And harmony always with interest be mix'd.
Derry down, &c.

Then

'Then rise, my good brethren, and join hand in hand,
 And as firm to each other, as now let us stand;
 Then what shall such mutual friendship disjoin?
 The world must admire us, and praise our design.
 Derry down, &c.

Now fill up your glass, and about let it flow,
 To our noble grand, and ancients also;
 And to all absent brothers, wherever they be,
 And thus may PINERIANs for ever agree.
 Derry down, &c

S O N G CCIV.

THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

SURE never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me,
 From morning till night I could never be free;
 The charms of young Phillis so ran in my head,
 I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.

Whenever I saw her, and told her my case,
 She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face;
 Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife,
 My passion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.

I found all the offers I made her of love,
 Produc'd no effect, nor affection would move;
 So schem'd a contrivance her passion to try,
 And boldly resolv'd, for to conquer, or die.

'Twas

'Twas spread round the village I courted young
 Prue,
 And Phillis had left her own schemes to pursue ;
 This answer'd my wishes, she soon prov'd more kind,
 And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my mind.

I catch'd the occasion and sent for a priest,
 For fear she should alter, I thought it the best ;
 From hence learn, ye virgins, be blest if you can,
 And never refuse the sincere honest man.

S O N G CCV.

F L O R I M E L.

THE charms of Florimel,
 No force of time or art,
 Shall sever from my heart ;
 But ever to the world I'll tell
 The charms of beauteous Florimel.

Each rock and sunny hill,
 The flow'ry meads and groves,
 Shall say, Mirtillo loves ;
 And echo shall be taught to tell,
 The charms, &c.

Each tree within the vale,
 That on its bark doth wear,
 The triumphs of my fair,
 To future times in verse shall tell
 The charms, &c.

Each

Each brook and purling rill,
 Shall on its bubbling stream
 Convey the virgin's name ;
 And as it rolls, in murmurs tell
 The charms, &c.

The Silvan gods, that dwell
 Amidst this sacred grove,
 Shall wonder at my love,
 Whilst every sound conspires to tell
 The charms, &c.

S O N G CCVI.

The RETURN from the CHACE.

THE sweet rosy morning
 Peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning
 The meadows and fields ;

Chorus. The merry, merry, merry horn calls come,
 come away,

Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us,
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus
 Of hounds in full cry.

Chorus. Then follow, follow, follow the musical
 chace,

Where pleasure and vig'rous health you embrace.

The day's sport when over
 Makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover
 Fresh charms for the night.

Chorus. Then let us enjoy all we can while we may,
 Let love crown the night, and sports crown the day.

S O N G CCVIII.

STREPHON of the HILL.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,
 Or Colin's at their will;
 I mean to sing in rustic verse,
 Of Strephon of the Hill.

As o'er the lawn the other day,
 I went to yonder mill,
 I met so bonny and so gay,
 My Strephon of the Hill.

No powder'd smart, that tends the fair
 The tedious day to kill,
 For shape and spruceness can compare,
 With Strephon of the Hill.

Once as I sat beneath the shade,
 Beside the purling rill,
 Who should my solitude invade,
 But Strephon of the Hill.

The

